

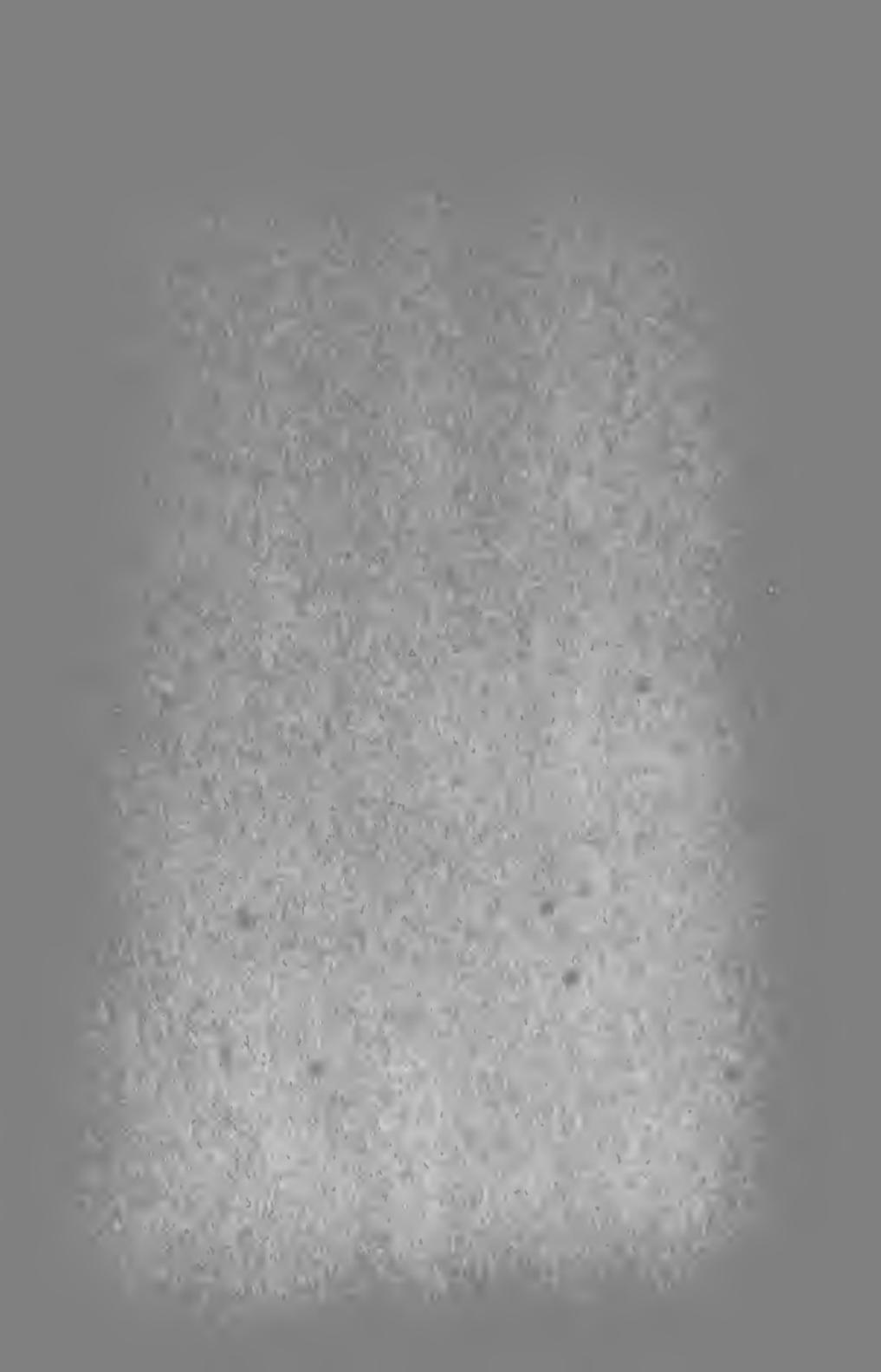


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MOSES MITCHELL HODSON

DUSTY LYRICS

BY

MOSES MITCHELL HODSON

"MOSE, THE MILLER"



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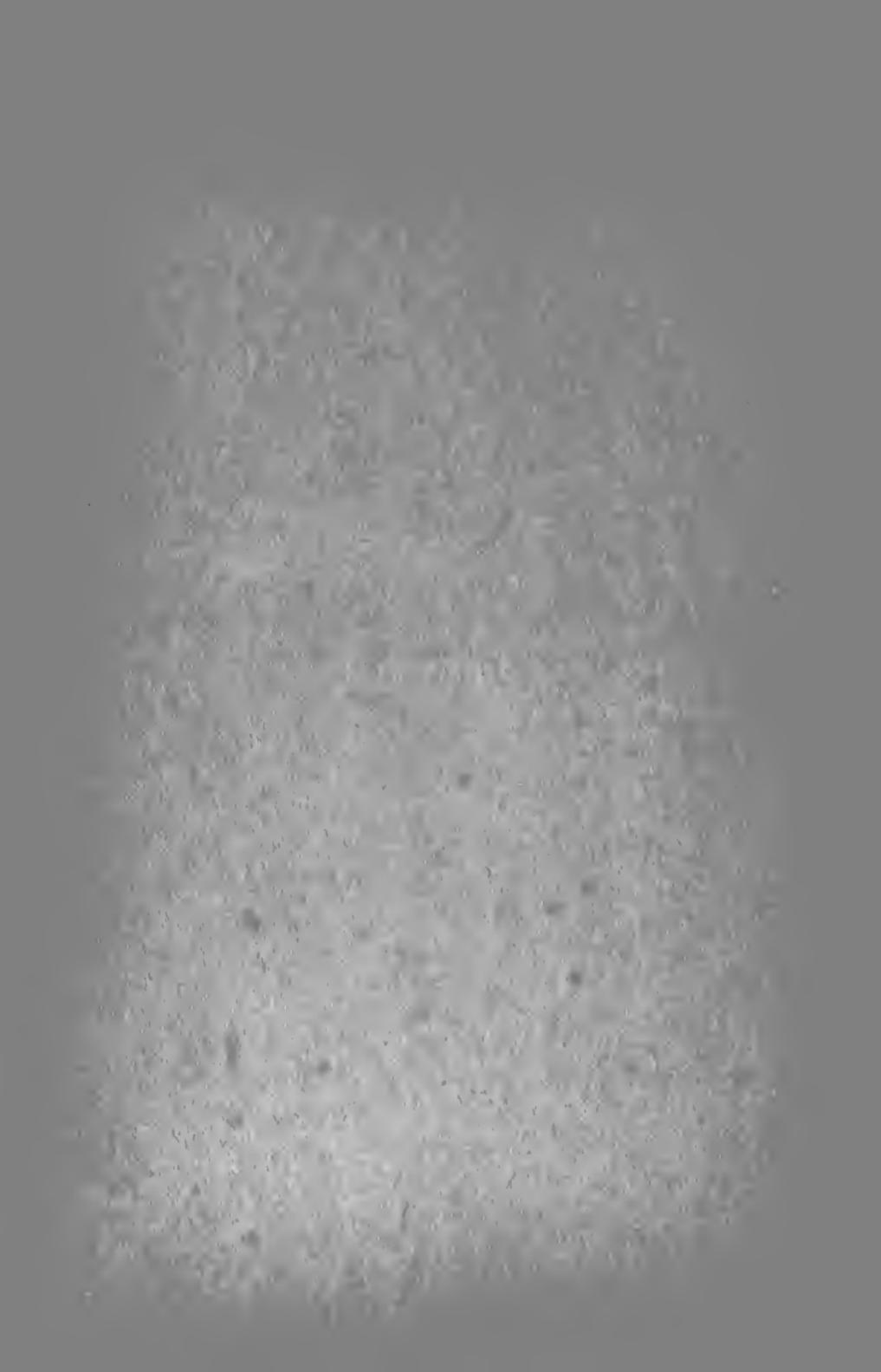
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TO MY WIFE



INTRODUCTORY

“MOSE, THE MILLER”

SUCH is the title by which the author of *DUSTY LYRICS* prefers to be known to the public at large, as it has fitted him so well during the twenty years that he has “had one hand in the hopper and the other in the sack.”

Mr. Hodson is a typical verification of the truth that “poets are born, not made,” for to him the writing of “Jingles” came as naturally as breathing. For many years he composed verses at the mill, and recited them to customers while they waited for their grists; and each of these told his neighbor of the witty sayings Mose had recited. Sometimes it was a pathetic verse or two, when a serious incident or searching sermon touched and warmed his heart.

Until five or six years ago “Mose” hid his poetical gift among the meal sacks, but when an ardent admirer of his writings suggested that a certain poem should be published, he timidly sent it to one of the county papers. Possibly the poem that first attracted wide attention was the one entitled “That Man Jim,” and dedicated to James Whitcomb Riley on a birthday anniversary. A copy of this published poem was sent to Mr. Riley by a personal friend of both gentlemen, accompanied by a letter praising some of the writings of Mr. Hodson. This brought a response

from the beloved poet, expressing warm greetings and congratulations, and accompanied by a much-prized souvenir.

In the days when the Lowly Nazarene was on earth, many people wondered at the marvelous things that some of His followers said and did, "Seeing that they were unlearned and ignorant men." The author of this book of poems is of that class. His schooling consisted of two or three months each winter in a district school until he was fourteen years old. He was the fourth in a family of nine boys, and the father died when six of these were minors, leaving the mother with a wonderful care and responsibility. How lovingly and tenderly the mother-love impressed this fatherless lad is told in many of the verses.

Shortly after the death of his father the "wanderlust" took hold upon him. Then, in poor health, and practically penniless, he went from home, and for a few years was cast among the rougher element in society. His reclamation from this life; his happy marriage, and unselfish devotion to an invalid wife, prove true what the writer of this introduction has often observed: That a youth, or young man, may spurn the counsel of a father; forget the companionship of a brother, or the affection of a sister; but he never strays so far, or sinks so low that a mother's love may not reach and reclaim him.

FLEMING RATCLIFF,
City Editor, *The Daily Times*.

NEW CASTLE, INDIANA,

Sept. 18, 1918.

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DUSTY LYRICS

A PRAYER

LORD, give me an humble cottage among the maple trees,

Where the laughter of children is wafted on the breeze ;
A loving wife to meet me when my day's work is done,
With a cheerful smile to greet me at setting of the sun.
I do not ask for vast estates, nor broad expanse of land ;

Nor for faithful servants to come at my command ;
Nor for sparkling jewels from across the foreign seas—

Just love in that little cottage among the maple trees.

I do not ask for a boundless hoard ; just an humble store,

And that no worthy stranger will go unfed from my door ;

Earned by sweat that's honest, and with a willing hand,

Not by shrewd, crafty dealings with unsuspecting man.

May I have strength to labor and all my time employ,
That no poor one may suffer for the blessings I enjoy.
Live as honest as the laughter borne upon the breeze,
In that little, humble cottage among the maple trees.

With my wife to cheer me, and drive life's cares away,
And the children near me when I come at close of day ;
And I can hear the humming of the honey-laden bees
When at eventide they're coming from the linden trees.

And we kneel around our altar to say our evening
prayer,

To thank Thee, our dear Saviour, for Thy love and
care.

We smell the new mown clover upon the balmy breeze,
In that little, humble cottage among the maple trees.

Lord, I ask not earthly dower, nor an illustrious name;
Nor that men tremble at my power, or to walk the
halls of fame;

But just an humble portion of Thy bounteous store,
That my life be pure and noble—I do not ask for
more.

My dear, good wife a-smiling when I come home to
rest,

The wintry hours beguiling as she leans upon my
breast.

We'll thank Thee, blest Redeemer, upon our bended
knees;

In that little, humble cottage among the maple trees.

Lord, help me to be contented with my lot here below,
May I always scatter sunshine wherever I may go;
And to her whose love is trusted to my feeble care,
O, give me strength to shield her, and her burdens
bear.

May there be emotions for me in her pure bosom swell
Until life's evening shadows have across my pathway
fell;

And white-robed angels call us o'er death's shining
seas

From that little, humble cottage among the maple
trees.

FAITH

BY DOOR of faith, God enters the soul,
Hope, is faith's nearest neighbor,
'Tis by them we strive to reach the goal
At the end of this life's labor;
When faith is dead, then hope is gone,
Our works are as barren stubble,
No light to guide to the home beyond
And life is an empty bubble.

It is faith sustains in hour of trials
When on bended knees we're pleading,
Gives strength to bear our self-denials
When the bruised heart is bleeding;
When dark clouds gather o'er our skies
Like all earthly joys were numbered,
Then faith comes and soothes our sighs
Hopes spring up that have slumbered.

When grief has caused us bitter pain,
Our eyes are sore with weeping,
And tears fall like the summer rain
For loved ones that are sleeping;
It is faith that bridges the chasm o'er
When bosom with sorrow's rended,
Gives hope to meet those gone before
When cares of life are ended.

It's by faith we arise when we fall,
Though foes on us are frowning,

And have strength to conquer over all,
Success our efforts crowning.
When we have faith in our God above
Failures will ne'er o'ertake us,
And trust Him for His wondrous love
Then He will not forsake us.

A LITTLE BOUQUET

WHEN a fellow's sick and all knocked out
And has to stay in doors kind o' hid,
For he's all in and can't get about
With a stiff-upper-lip like he did.
Just got to lay the live-long day
In a close and quiet room.
Hear what I say, I will tell you a way
You can brighten up the gloom.

Spare a few minutes, you know you can
Most any old time in the day,
And act half-way like a gentleman
And take him a small bouquet.
Place it where his medicine is
Then sit down in the room,
And kind o' watch them eyes o' his
As he smells the sweet perfume.

'Cause he's so weak he can hardly speak,
For his appetite's gone away,
But he will gaze with a look so meek
Upon that little bouquet.

When you go in you'll see him grin
He'll appreciate it, don't you fear,
He knows well 'tis brought for him
And 'twill almost bring a tear.

It makes him think of his boyhood days
And his mother of long ago,
And the nice flowers she used to raise—
Or some old sweetheart, you know.
Who on the lapel of his coat
A fresh, lovely bunch she'd pin,
Or when she'd write a little note
And put some flowers in.

Don't stay long to wear him out
But act in a cheerful way;
Hope it won't be long 'til he'll be about
For you miss him every day.
But watch him when you start to go
Look at those flowers, and then
Say, "I feel better, you've helped me so,
God bless you, come again."

OUR OWN FIRESIDE

SNUG in our home, we bar the door,
And care not for the sullen roar
Of the cold, fierce wintry blast
As swiftly it goes howling past.
Shut in from this life's busy care
Where all is cheerful, calm and fair;

A refuge safe from every storm
When wintry clouds the skies deform,
No tempest there can chide.
Nor can it check the gleeful mirth
That sparkles 'round the happy hearth,
Where we gather at close of day
And earthly toll is laid away
At our own—our glad fireside.

Who loves to seek the empty joys
With all of fashion's idle noise,
In stately halls, with trappings gay
To while the wintry hours away?
When there is such a sure retreat,
Safe from the tempter's wily feet;
Where grief and sorrow are subdued
And sin will never dare intrude,
And love should e'er abide.
Where there are spoken kindly words
To 'waken feelings' tenderest chords,
And hear the happy laughter ring
Where vexations lose their sting
At our own—our dear fireside.

However humble be the home,
Or castle grand, with gilded dome,
Or scant, and meager be the fare,
Or where the royal banquet there;
A central thought should be the theme
That love must ever rule supreme;
And ne'er be heard within the walls
Harsh cruel words, nor angry brawls—
That no evil will betide.

For most luxuriant table spread
Is only dust where love has fled,
When fortune frowns, or care annoys,
'Tis where we find the sweetest joys
At our own—our loved fireside.

Sweet as youth is springtime fair,
And summer skies with balmy air,
And autumn with the garnered grain,
From the fertile hill and plain.
When the chill north winds blow,
In field and highway drifts the snow,
Oh, may the memories, fond and sweet,
Forever guide our wandering feet,
To the home which is our pride.
To thee our burdened spirit flies,
The dearest spot we ever prize;
No amusement with its polished art
Can fill the longings of the heart
Like our own—our blest fireside.

AN OLD FRIEND

WHEN my tasks are done at close of day
And I am feeling lonely and sad;
There's a comforting thought drives cares away
And makes my weary heart glad.
As memory the pages of time will unroll,
Its beautiful splendors will lend,
That sends thrills of rapture over my soul
As my mind dwells on you, my old friend.

I wish you could know, wherever you are,
My thoughts to you I'd convey,
When the pathway is dark and journey seems far
You brighten the drear, gloomy way.
For whenever I take a reflective view,
Then sunshine with shadows will blend,
And when I remember your hand clasp so true
I cherish your worth, my old friend.

You know there are faces that oftentimes we meet,
To our affections that seem to appeal,
The friendship grows lukewarm 'til seldom we greet,
There's an estrangement we cannot conceal.
No doubt they're sincere, honest and true,
On their loyalty we could ever depend,
But they don't bring the response there is for you
And can't fill your place, my old friend.

Ofttimes in slumber, in still hour of night,
When day's burden was heavy to bear,
You come in visions, speak words of delight
To my heart when it's shadowed with care.
There's a thrill in the sound of your voice
On which I can ever depend,
That gets in my being and makes me rejoice
When you come in sweet dreams, my old friend.

There's an influence you shed on the way
That is with me wherever I go,
That'll make my life better as long as I stay
And journey on earth here below.

And if I should reach that beautiful gate
Where joys they never will end,
There I will watch and patiently wait
To greet you up there, my old friend.

INDIANA

INDIANA, happy land,
On the north there's shores of sand,
Where the rippling wavelets flow
And the spruce and hemlock grow,
Which the woodman's axe await
In the noble Lake Shore State.
When we look unto the right,
See the cheerful morning light,
As with rosy bliss 'twill dawn
Over men of brain and brawn.
There we see our happy mate—
'Tis the glorious Buckeye State.

Then we cast our eyes below
To the peaceful O-h-i-o,
With its waters pure and free
Gliding onward to the sea,
As it flows along between
Pasture fields of deepest green.
Then at eve we turn our eye
To the radiant sunset sky,
Where our sister's fertile plain
Is waving with the golden grain.
We now in the border stand
Of Indiana, happy land.

Indiana, we love you,
With affections pure and true;
You're a land to us most dear,
Home of childhood's hope and fear.
O, we love your vales and hills,
Sparkling brooks and laughing rills;
Love your northern lakes and sand,
Southern bluff and pasture land;
Love the western fertile plain,
And the eastern fields of grain;
From the center through and through
Indiana, we love you.

Indiana, we love you,
With your skies of matchless blue;
When the springtime's bursting forth
And the chill winds of the north
Have given way to balmy air
And there's sunshine everywhere.
Bluebird's back old home to see,
Just as tickled as can be;
Saucy jaybird's hustling 'round
First in bush, and then on ground;
Children gathering violets blue,
Indiana, we love you.

Indiana, we love you,
When the sun has dried the dew
With the sultry summer heat
Dancing o'er the waving wheat;
Air is fragrant with perfume
In the flowery month of June.

Hear the hum of busy bees,
Odors wafted on the breeze
From the meadow 'cross the way
Of the new mown clover hay.
See the wild rose tinted hue,
Indiana, we love you.

Indiana, we love you,
When the grape is turning blue,
And ripe apple, peach and pear
Waiting in the orchard there.
Harvest's being gathered in
Filling up the barn and bin,
Sagging down the granary floor,
Heaping cellars to the door,
We want to throw our hat and yell
With the joy no tongue can tell;
Feeling thankful, yes we do,
Indiana, we love you.

Indiana, we love you,
When our harvest work is through,
And we're sheltered snug and warm
From the winter's snow and storm,
In the land we dearly pride
Safely by our own fireside.
If our truant feet should stray
Off in foreign lands away
Then our hearts will ever yearn
For we're longing to return
To our native land so true,
Indiana, we love you.

EZRA AND NANCY

EZRA and Nancy lived all alone,
Had no children and didn't want none;
That is Nancy didn't, but Ezra, he
Said he'd be tickled as could be
If he had some children 'round,
To climb on his knee when he set down.
Nancy said she knew they'd be bad,
Have no more sense than Ezra had.
Folks said it wouldn't do, because
They'd be old "Nick" like Nancy was.

But "Ez" was quiet and serene,
And old Nance acted like a queen,
Thought he must mind all she'd say
And made him "walk the chalk" each day;
And tried her best to make him do
Every little thing she told him to.
But then he always liked his fun;
She didn't see just what was done
When he was out with a pack of men—
He wasn't so badly hen-pecked then.

But he was still as any mouse
When he'd come around the house
Where Nancy was; it paid him to be
'Specially when they had company.
But then sometimes he'd forget
And cut loose, but then you bet
He would always settle down
When she'd look at him and frown.
He knew that when they's gone that she
Would be as nervous as could be.

Now Ezra, he provided good,
Got everything for her he could;
Hired washing done, and ironing too,
Didn't leave much for Nance to do.
Cooked his meals most time himself,
Put dishes on the pantry shelf,
And folks they would talk and say
He couldn't make much that-a-way.
But Nance she'd vow and declare
She'd more to do than her share.

She'd oft get sick and lay in bed—
Had hysterics, the doctor said,
For she'd wring her hands and cry
Tell old "Ez" she's going to die.
He would nurse her kind and true
Do his best and pull her through;
When she'd get up cross as a bear,
"Ez" had to go it whoopety-tear.
But he would kind o' grin and say
The women folks were built that way.

He loafed with the stock and geese,
So he could have a little peace,
For when he'd come up to the door
Nance would commence as before,
And by the time he'd get set down
She'd just be "yappin" 'round,
Say, "drat your hide, why can't you
Talk in your home like most men do?"
He'd say, "no use to make a fuss
You talk a-plenty for both of us."

He must not cross old Nancy none,
 For when he did then, he'd have fun,
 No difference what he'd do or say
 She always took it the other way;
 He couldn't please her when he tried.
 She took a spell one day and died,
 Don't think that she intended to go,
 For fear old "Ez" would have a show,
 No one thought her time had come—
 Tried it to worry old "Ez" some.

"Ez" is alone and now keeps batch,
 Tends to his stock and garden patch.
 He don't get lonesome, no, you bet,
 Folks say he can hear old Nancy yet.
 Say as they pass they hear a sound
 Like old Nance still "yappin" 'round.
 Heard her as they pass that way
 For "Ez" would turn around and say;
 "No use for me to make a fuss,
 You talk plenty for both of us."

THE OLD-TIME QUAKER

O WOULDN'T it do us good to meet
 An old-time Quaker now?
 When with a friendly smile he'd greet
 As he'd query, "how art thou?"
 And then to hear him kindly ask
 "How does thee and thy folks do?"
 Feel his warm hand's genial clasp
 Thrill us through and through.

O, wouldn't it do us good if we
 Could go to the meeting yet,
And there the quiet Quakers see,
 As they in the gallery set?
Where they would pure salvation teach
 Which hungry souls desire,
As "the spirit moved" some one to preach
 With pentecostal fire?

O, wouldn't it do us good to hear
 That plain speech, "thee and thou?"
'Twould sound like music to the ear,
 But we seldom hear it now;
And live that plain and simple life,
 So sacred, pure and sublime.
'Twould bring joys with earthly strife
 That should be thine and mine.

O, let us cling to that dear old creed,
 And not from it drift away;
Help all of those we meet in need,
 Make our life a prayer each day.
The "old" Quaker's missed by one and all
 We're searching near and far;
They do not answer when we call,
 We wonder where they are.

THE MASK WE WEAR

WITH charming voice the singer sang,
 The merry throng to please,
 As the thrilling notes they rang
 In sweetest melodies ;
 Her sparkling eyes beamed so bright
 As if she had no care,
 In her heart which seemed so light
 Deep sorrow's hiding there.

The player acting on the stage
 As jocund as a King,
 The part he plays is all the rage,
 The plaudits loudly ring ;
 And they are loath to see him go,
 He pleases them so well,
 But in his breast they little know
 Sorrow doth deeply dwell.

The poets weave their roundelay,
 To cheer some saddened life,
 And try to drive earth's cares away
 Amid the bitter strife ;
 Their sweet and merry little song
 Will make some heart beat glad,
 And brighten those who pass along,
 While their own life is sad.

Now, all are players in our day,
 Deception never stops,
 'Til from life's stage we pass away
 And the checkered curtain drops ;

What's in our breast try to conceal,
The outward part we show,
And what behind the mask that's real
Ourselves and God may know.

OUR ATTITUDE WITH GOD

(The following lines were composed after hearing Rev. Mrs. J. F. Probst, a Friends minister, read the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and preach from the subject "Our Attitude with God.")

WHEN an injustice we'd like to avenge,
That's made us feel sad and forlorn,
A voice of resentment is crying "revenge"
From a heart that is bleeding and torn.
Stains of tear-drops on the pale cheek,
From eyes once sparkling and bright;
Conscience is whispering in accents so meek;
"Your attitude with God, is it right?"

We know it is hard for a man with a will,
When he's by some enemy oppressed,
To yield to his conscience and sweetly keep still,
When contentions they strive in his breast.
For he'll watch when opportunity'll present
And his enemy's caught in a plight,
And the evil injustice he then will resent,
When his attitude with God is not right.

Remember our Saviour, His marvelous love,
And the beautiful lessons He taught,

How He left His home in the mansions above—
With His own precious blood we are bought.
And how mercy has seven by seventy times
Been swift as the angels of light,
To blot out our errors, sins and our crimes
When our attitude with God, it is right.

Brood not over losses that have been past,
Nor bitter envy and malice still hold;
Covet wisdom from God and cling to it fast—
It's more precious than silver and gold.
It takes daily watching, also fervent prayer
To live clean and pure in God's sight,
If we trust Him our burdens He'll bear,
And our attitude with God will be right.

If the Adamic nature is cleansed from the heart
With the blood of the Lamb that was slain;
The evil contentions will quickly depart
And not leave a trace of their stain.
A nameless contentment is then in the breast
That fills the glad soul with delight;
The trust then in Jesus so sweetly will rest
When our attitude with God, it is right.

A better resentment when a foe is cast down
Than a stinging insult that will smart,
Is to give him a smile instead of a frown
And win a warm spot in his heart.
Just open the soul and make him your friend
And lead him from darkness to light;
Heap on hot coals to refine and amend,
And your attitude with God will be right.

The best compensation that's ever been paid
When God's love in the heart doth instill;
And we walk in His light and are not afraid,
But surrender complete to His will.
And from a plain duty we never do shrink,
To obey His command's our delight;
From that wonderful fountain we ever can drink
When our attitude with God it is right.

Ofttimes harsh words to others we'll speak
Which we're apt very soon to regret;
O, let us go quickly, so humbly and meek
And ask them to forgive and forget.
If we do our part then others will too,
So let's strive with all of our might;
And yield to our conscience, with Jesus be true,
Then our attitude with God will be right.

DOG DAYS

NO PLACE on this earth I'd rather be
Neither in country, city nor town,
On river, lake or the boundless sea,
When mid-summer sun's bilin' down,
Than in some nice cool water mill
Free from all care there to feel,
On grain bags lay quiet and still
And hear water splash over the wheel.

Doors open wide, windows raised high
To let in the sunshine and breeze,

Don't want to work, no use to try
Potter 'round and do as I please.
Grists all ground and in the sack,
My laziness I cannot conceal,
Just want to lay on the flat of my back
And hear water splash over the wheel.

Feel kind o' reckless, don't seem to care—
Through window see clouds or dust roll,
Kinda' watch a woodpecker out there
Sidelin' 'round on a telephone pole.
Then walk around, and stand in the door
Watch heat dance over the field,
Then pile back down on the floor
And hear water splash over the wheel.

There's charm about a water mill
That seems to drive cares away,
Which will send an exuberant thrill
O'er the soul, and gloom cannot stay.
A cheerful hum as the grain is ground
Makes a happy sensation to steal
O'er the senses, to see belts twist around,
And hear water splash over the wheel.

Some sing songs of sweet month of May
When the birds they all are atune,
And some sing of the garlands so gay
They weave in the month of June.
But give me the good old summer time
When sultry heat of dog days I feel,
Then I can hatch out more lively rhyme
As I hear water splash over the wheel.

Some claim Turbine wheel is the best,
And that more power 'twill give;
The one that suits me better'n the rest
And I'll love as long as I live.
It is picturesque as it can be,
To everyone it seems to appeal,
For all will look whenever they see
An old-fashioned, overshot wheel.

All love to hear the patter of rain
On roof, when dark shadows creep,
It drives away fears with a refrain
That very soon lulls us to sleep.
When days are hot, to tell the truth,
So lazy and careless I feel,
Just lie and dream of the pleasures of youth
As I hear water splash over the wheel.

As long as I live no doubt I'll be found
Foolin' 'round some old water mill,
Writing jingles as grain is ground,
In my happy, go-lucky way still.
Some will joke as they laughingly say
They believe a miller will steal,
As I toll the grists in my jolly old way
And hear water splash over the wheel.

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

HELP me, Oh God, to worship Thee more fervently,
And live more nobly than I have before,
Bring joy to homes sorrow's hovering o'er;
And bear with my fellow man more patiently,
And try to discharge all duties faithfully.
And fit myself for that celestial shore,
To dwell in peace and bliss forevermore
Around Thy throne, where all's tranquility.
Help me to meet all my defeats peacefully,
May I make light someone's heavy load,
Who is struggling feebly along the road,
That he may face life's problems cheerfully.
May I chase from the cheek the briny tear—
Help me, Oh Lord, to live pure the coming year.

A WOMAN'S POWER

WHEN the Church is raising money and having
a hard time
To get some old "tight wads" to shell out an extra
dime;
For when some one makes a motion shake their heads
and frown,
Say, "unless we had the money 'twould be best to vote
it down."
And to make an obligation say they'd almost be afraid;
Women say that it must carry, for we'll meet it with
the Aid;

When the women set their heads, then on them you
can depend;
For when they get to business they're more powerful
than the men.

Man has always been a coward, ever since time first
began,
And tries to compromise around, while a woman says
"we can;"
If we'll look along in history, we will find it that a-way,
In the old Prophetic ages just the same as 'tis today,
For go back to lovely Esther, and then farther back to
Ruth,
See how they stood so boldly to uphold the words of
truth;
There are just as noble women in this day as there
were then,
And when they're faithful, they're more powerful than
the men.

In record of great heroes, we see connected with their
life,
A devoted, saintly mother, or a loving faithful wife,
Who have been co-workers with them, reaching fame
and power,
And have been a guardian angel in each dark and try-
ing hour.
For they have given inspiration, so they'd at no failure
bow;
That has made them victorious, and won laurels for
their brow.

When a woman gives her promise, her word is sacred then,

And a noble woman's influence is more powerful than the men.

Some claim women all are fickle, and will get you in a plight;

Forget the lovely maid who said, "Curfew shall not ring tonight;"

Claim that they are all deceitful and as treacherous as can be,

But for each dishonest woman, why, a dozen men you'll see;

You just take a virtuous woman, if you want an honest friend,

What e'er may be your fortune, she'll stay with you to the end;

We know some will follow fashion, and society, but when

Duty dawns upon them, they're more powerful than the men.

When a man gets discouraged he'll to dissipation start,
While a woman buries sorrow in the recesses of her heart;

Through all her dark trials she'll stay pure and undefiled,

And ever ready with forgiveness for a husband, or a child;

With a heart that's overflowing with true, undaunted love,

That on earth is only equaled by our God's, in heaven above;

Is always trying to comfort some poor creature, we
find then

That a noble woman's love is more powerful than the
men.

Some refer to the Scriptures, and they'll quote the
Apostle Paul,

Where he says, in the Churches, they should keep
silence all;

No doubt he'd been jilted; some fair maid had turned
him down,

He thought he'd get even, for he'd "do them all up
brown."

Or perhaps been aggravated by some woman who was
"a fright"

For when a woman is a "terror" she's a "holy terror"
right.

When she tries to cut a "dido" she most surely does
it then,

Starts to raise the "dickens" she's more powerful than
the men.

Solomon said a brawling wife, in a house that was
so wide,

That it would be better on a house top, in a corner,
to abide;

Probably he was "peeved" a little, or else was some-
what mad,

Been having a regular racket with some of the wives
he had.

Thought he'd give a little lecture, when at that he did
begin

Some one got her "dander" up, told him where he could head in.

He knew he'd met his equal, and he wrote a proverb then;

Found a woman was no fool, and more powerful than the men.

Now, to take it with religion, and we notice that the men,

Think that all the preaching should be given unto them;

With a case-hardened sinner we find the men have no control,

But will back down and leave them, let the Devil have their soul.

But when a woman starts to turn them toward that celestial shore,

They might as well give under, for it's "katy bar the door;"

She'll meet all their subtile logic and excuses so that when

It comes to turning souls to Jesus she's more powerful than the men.

OCTOBER

CRICKET sings in the hedge all day

And along the old board fence,

Also around the stacks of hay,

He's glad; it's no pretense.

Buzzard swoops close to ground

As he goes sailing by,

Then mounts with a sudden bound
Like he'd started for the sky.
In some lone and hidden place
Away from the gazer's stare,
The spider spins its flimsy lace
And floats it on the air.

The pride of autumn's at its best;
The maples on the hill
Are in bright crimson dressed,
Nights are growing chill.
And the swallow's taken flight
To land of balmy breeze,
And chirp no more at morning light
In nest beneath the eaves.
The sunflower hangs its heavy head
With seed that now is ripe,
And squirrel makes its leafy bed,
The quail begins to pipe.

The frost has nipped the iron weed,
And borne upon the breeze,
Is the downy thistle seed
That drifts among the leaves.
No fragrance on the zephyrs float
The lovely flowers have died,
The katy-did's sad, lonely note
Is hushed at eventide.
The days now are growing gray,
And through the smoky air,
The wild fowl takes its lonely way
To Southern skies so fair.

Pumpkin's changed its color, too,
Now gold instead of green,
It's ready for the pies to stew,
Or boys for Hallowe'en
To make of it an ugly face,
And when they have it done
They light it up and put in place
To scare some timid one.
School children with an appetite
Notched like an old buzz saw,
Love in a pumpkin pie to bite
As they hold it in their paw.

Blades of corn blow from the stalk
And in the eddying breeze,
Settle along the garden walk
And among the orchard trees.
Turkey's getting fat and sleek,
Plumage glistens in the sun,
Ice is forming along the creek
And on the meadow run.
Let's be contented with our lot
We've blessings now galore,
And praise God for what we've got
And not bother Him for more.

A STROLL IN AUTUMN

OVER the hills and far away
To creek where soil is damp,
Where snipes, and king-fishers stay
There's where I love to tramp;

And all along by the old bayou,
In path where stock has trod,
Where the cat-tailed lillies grow
And the black-eyed Susans nod.

There nature seems to talk to me
In a way that I understand,
In every flower, bush and tree,
As we go hand in hand;
And along the old moss-grown fence
See chipmunk on top rail,
Through the brush I get a glimpse
Of a pop-eyed cotton-tail.

And see the wild grapes as they shine
Among leaves that's turning red,
Where the branches thickly twine
And the squirrel's made its bed;
Then wind around to the old mill-pond
Through the shady glen,
And o'er the pasture slope beyond
Too sweet for a poet's pen.

Kill-dee's flying through the air
In the bright autumn sun,
And golden fields a-smiling there
Proud of the work they've done;
And observe new features all along
As farther on I stray,
Catch the lilt of children's song
At a farm house where they play.

These are the strolls I love to take
When autumn skies are blue,
They drive away my cares and make
Me feel as good as new.
And the lessons nature'll teach
As we go hand in hand,
And the sermons that she'll preach
Are the ones that I understand.

THE MOTHER'S LULLABY

SOME love to sing the battle song
Where colors proudly wave,
As to the front they march along
With loyal step so brave.
The sweetest song 'twas ever sung
That appeals to you and me,
Is the one that fell from mother's tongue
As she rocked us on her knee.

The soldier sings of sweetheart fair
When in foreign lands away,
And breathes fond notes on the air
For her at close of day.
But song that makes tear-drops start
Wherever he may be,
Is of her who pressed him to her heart
When she sang the lullaby.

The maiden sings of her lover dear,
And good-bye kiss he pressed,

The vows he whispered in her ear
As he held her to his breast.
But treasured in fond memories,
Locked in her bosom deep,
Are her dear mother's lullabys
When she was rocked to sleep.

The opera singer seeks to thrill
The gay, applauding throng,
And their expectant bosoms fill
With a soul's inspiring song.
'Mid trials and temptations wild
To her he longs to flee,
Who rocked him when he was a child
And sang the lullaby.

I never hear a mother sing
As she rocks her child to sleep,
But 'twill a thrill of rapture bring
Down in my bosom deep.
It seems to soothe like healing balm
Waves of life's troubled sea,
Like her who all my grief did calm
When rocked upon her knee.

Should I reach that heavenly sphere,
Where holy angels stand,
Enchanting melodies there to hear
From harps within their hand;
Sweet music 'cross the crystal seas,
Where sorrow is unknown,
Will be the mother's lullabys
Around the great white throne.

THE WHANG OF THE SHOVEL

O WHEN autumn comes around,
And we hear the mournful sound
Of the wind, as it wails through the trees ;
And the quail begins to pipe
And the pawpaw's good and ripe,
Falling leaves are drifting on the breeze.
Apples all are gathered in
Heaping up the cellar bin,
There's hustling late at eve and early morn ;
O, then we love to hear
And it's music to the ear
The whang of the shovel scooping corn.

We get out before 'tis light,
While the stars are shining bright,
And there's frost on the grass everywhere ;
Hitch up and drive away
Feeling cheerful, blithe, and gay,
In the crisp, appetizing, autumn air.
For 'tis the time o' year
That we all love so dear,
And thankful we're Hoosier bred and born ;
As we gather in the grain,
We sing the glad refrain
To the whang of the shovel scooping corn.

Hear the ears as they slip
O'er the shovel's shining tip,
And rattle in the crib as they go ;
We know there'll be no fear

When the wintry days are drear,
And the ground's covered o'er with snow.
And the clover's in the mows
For the horses and the cows,
When pasture fields are bare and forlorn ;
To Him we'll sing our praise
For the golden autumn days,
And whang of the shovel scooping corn.

Some love the balmy spring,
When the birds begin to sing,
And the hum of the bee is on the air ;
Some love the summer's heat
Dancing o'er the waving wheat,
When flowers are blooming everywhere ;
But the time o' year we love
We sing praise to God, above,
And rejoicing on each glad Thanksgiving morn ;
When the harvesting is o'er
And there's pumpkin pies galore
And we've shoveled in our last load of corn.

TO A DANDELION

(Found in bloom in mid-winter)

SWEET early harbinger of spring,
What rapture to my soul you bring ;
While I stand and on you gaze
My thoughts return to childhood days,
When I a happy, thoughtless boy,
Free from cares of earth's alloy,

With flaxen hair as soft and fine
As tendrils that around you twine.

Sweet blossom, in your cosy nook,
With innocent, cheerful, smiling look,
You brighten up the lonely way
For sad ones that past you stray.
Sweet flower, in fact to tell the truth,
The years slip back to days of youth,
As from my brow the cares you take,
My heart is lighter for your sake.

Once more a boy, I laugh and sing,
And in the balmy days of spring,
With rosy cheeks and laughing eye,
When hearts beat young and hopes are high,
I wander with my playmate true
In early morn 'mid sparkling dew,
Through shaded lanes and fields so fair
To pluck the first sweet blossoms there.

In joyful strolls, calm and serene,
'Neath leafy trees or fields so green,
Where wild birds sang in merry glee
As they flit from tree to tree;
I gathered flowers fresh and sweet
And laid them at my playmate's feet,
Who, with jovial laugh in harmless play,
Would weave them into garlands gay.

We'd take the dandelion's hollow stem
For links, and make a chain of them,
And with the wild flowers wet with dew

She'd weave the garlands through and through.
Just as we have in after years
Wove in life's chain 'mid hopes and fears,
But find when we've grown old and gray
That chain will wither and decay.

Now sweet flower, you've done your part
To brighten a sad and lonely heart
By smiling in seclusion here,
Though wintry days be dark and drear;
A lesson from you now I learn
My mind to nobler thoughts I'll turn,
And with kind words and smiles I'll greet
The lonely ones with whom I meet.

OUR FLAG

FREEDOM, from her throne on high,
Unfurled o'er land and waters,
When she heard the plaintive cry
Of her noble sons and daughters.

An emblem, chaste, undefiled and true
For which they'd long been calling,
Stars and Stripes, Red White and Blue,
Pure as dew from heaven falling.

With swelling hearts we'll ever sing
In poetic song and story,
And our voices in glad anthems ring
In praise to thee, "Old Glory."

When in foreign lands our eyes we'll cast
O'er the port where ships are lying,
'Til we see from one's top gallant mast
Our colors proudly flying.

With actions then that do portray
Our joy in such a manner,
As that ship's band starts to play
The "Old Star Spangled Banner."

To hear music from our native shore
And on the breezes swelling,
See our loved banner floating o'er
Our home, of freedom telling.

Our thoughts fly to our happy land
In dreams of countless number;
We see our loved ones by us stand,
Make sweet our peaceful slumber.

For it matters not where we may be,
Or whatsoe'er our station,
For we will ever reverence thee,
Loved emblem of our nation.

Flag of the true and noble braves,
For freedom hearts were crying;
Our fathers went to honored graves
To set thee proudly flying.

When foes sought to tear thee down,
And from thy home to rend thee;

Then their life blood stained the ground
As they'd bravely defend thee.

They rallied 'round thee at the call
Of the country's wild commotion,
And faced the screaming cannon ball
On land and stormy ocean.

Emotions would in their bosom swell
And grief 'twas to smother,
As with quivering lip they bid farewell
To sweetheart, wife, and mother.

Who cheer them as they march along,
Or into battle rushing,
And loyally they'll urge them on
Tears from their eyelids gushing.

Midst horrors that no tongue can tell,
Where drums were loudly beating,
They braved the screeching shots of hell
Spurned the thought of retreating.

And when wounded in the bloody fray
On the field of carnage lying,
Then as their life blood ebbs away
They look to thee when dying.

The veterans love their comrades brave
When from ranks death's torn them;
They plant thee on their honored grave
And scatter flowers o'er them.

Thou art true as iris after rain,
In springtime's tearful weather;
For thee each victory we'll gain
Or all go down together.

For we'll ever bravely by thee stand,
And not let a fold be riven;
Thou emblem of our own free land
Sent from our God in heaven.

THE SONG I'VE NEVER SUNG

OFT in my dreams I seem to hear
A cadence soft and low,
That falls upon my list'ning ear
Of the days of long ago;
A melody that is more sweet
Ne'er fell from mortal tongue,
Its beauties I can ne'er repeat—
'Tis a song I've never sung.

Oft, with a retrospective view,
O'er the years that's fled,
When all this lovely world was new—
No silver on my head;
The faces of loved ones I can see
On walls of memory hung,
Bring thrills of rapture over me
In the song I've never sung.

Oft, when days are dark and drear,
Like warbling of the birds
The rhythmic echoes still I hear
Of low sweet spoken words,
And from me they will ne'er depart,
Like an ivy vine they've clung,
They seem to still my aching heart
In the song I've never sung.

Oft, when wandering by a stream
Where rippling waters glide,
I then can see in waking dream
My friends still by my side;
The water lillies o'er the brink
Where oriole's nest is hung,
Of memory's wine I then can drink
In the song I've never sung.

Oft, on a balmy, star-lit night,
There's rapture o'er the land,
I walk again with heart so light
With a dear one, hand in hand;
I see around her brow so fair
The wavy tresses flung,
And stroke once more the raven hair
In the song I've never sung.

O happy lay, come oft to me
Your tendrils 'round me twine,
And draw, O, draw me nearer thee,
In melody divine;

Teach my lips to catch the strain,
Sorrow from my soul be wrung,
That I may join the sweet refrain
In the song I've never sung.

HOPE

HOPE is the well-spring of the soul,
By which we strive to reach the goal;
Anticipations will ever last
Until life's checkered span is past.
Hope's as essential as our breath,
And never ceases till our death;
When our bark's tossed in sad dismay
Hope steps in and lights the way.

Man's never plunged so deep in sin,
But what hope whispers "rise again;"
The languishing culprit in the cell—
Hope still doth in his bosom dwell,
That on some future day that he
May roam again happy and free.
Though now by guilt he is oppressed,
Hope still lingers in his breast.

The mother, whose child is laid away
Deep in the grave, which once did play
So happily around her knee;
No more on earth its face she'll see.

But on that bright, celestial shore
Where there is parting never more,
And all is free from care and pain,
She hopes to meet her child again.

Hope ever springs within the heart,
When from loved ones we must part,
And sad and bitter tears we shed,
As we are weeping o'er our dead;
But on some fair and happy day
When all our cares are laid away,
Where vernal flowers forever bloom,
We'll meet with them beyond the tomb.

THEY'LL ALL TELL

LONG, long ago, before our parents fell
And this beautiful world it was new,
Listen to me, the truth I will tell
In song I'm now singing to you.
In the garden where Adam met Eve,
On a rustic seat they did set,
He whispered before taking his leave
"I've never kissed any girl yet."

Eve blushed, gave him a sly glance,
As if she thought he had lied,
Said, "I'd hate to give you a chance—
Can tell better after you've tried."

He slipped his left arm around her waist
And with his right finger tips,
Turned up her chin in eagerly haste
And kissed her sweet, pouting lips.

Eve drew back in sudden surprise,
And with a smile looked him o'er,
Said, "It's no use to be telling lies
For you've had experience before;
You can't fool me, but don't you tell
For I'll feel bashful and odd
When we are out cutting a big swell
With young folks over in Nod."

Adam said, as he crossed his heart,
"Not while I live under the sun,"
But to his chum in Nod he did impart
What they in the garden had done;
And it seems strange that the fairer sex
Don't learn from that day to this,
That a boy will put his best chum next
When a pretty girl he does kiss.

Now, if you've something not to be told
You'll find this a good plan to try,
Don't tell it to one until they're old
And next minute they'll die.
For secrets go by leaps and by jumps,
Forever it will be the rule,
And contagious as a case of mumps
Among the scholars at school.

No difference, each sex will tell,
I don't care what they say,
And will while together we dwell
 And this earth passes away;
It is a fact, no need to explain,
 For all can see who're alert,
That the men are as bad as any Jane
 That ever yet wore a skirt.

'LONG 'BOUT THANKSGIVING TIME

WE ALL love things that's good to eat
 Claim this and that is hard to beat;
We know chicken fried, with gravy, too,
Is good enough for me or you;
Or spare-ribs baked good and brown
 With other trimmings all around.
Or a roasted turkey good and fat—
But I know something beats all that
 And it grows out on a vine;
Which a cook will stew and take
 Mix up and in hot oven bake;
It's pumpkin pies
 And just my size
'Long 'bout Thanksgiving time.

I remember when I was a child
Seemed as though I'd just go wild
When mother'd call me to the door,
I'd go toddling 'cross the floor;

And see her fixing on my plate
Some pumpkin pie, could hardly wait
'Til she'd wash my face and comb my hair,
Then place me up in my high chair;
 My voice rang like a merry chime.
In glee I'd kick my little toes
And "gaum" all o'er my chin and nose
 The pumpkin pies,
 That were my size
'Long 'bout Thanksgiving time.

And when to older years I grew
Commenced sowing wild oats, too,
As the years they slipped away
Grew more boist'rous, wild and gay;
Began looking sideways at the girls
With sparkling eyes and flowing curls;
And kind o' hinting 'round to see
If some one would so foolish be
 As to link her fate with mine.
And shyly ask if she could take
Ingredients, and some day bake
 Nice pumpkin pies,
 That'd be my size
'Long 'bout Thanksgiving time.

At length I settled down in life
And charmed the girl who's now my wife,
She promised she'd stay with me 'til
We'd clambered up life's rugged hill.
And very fortunate I have been
With grub to shove up to my chin,

Of an appetite I'm not bereft
As you can judge now by my heft;
Life has passed like a jingling rhyme,
'Til I'm old with a bald pate,
Teeth all gone and wear a plate;
Yet pumpkin pies,
Are still my size
'Long 'bout Thanksgiving time.

“WHY GOD BLESS YOU”

THERE'S nothing cheers a fellow so
When he's feeling sad and weary,
And he has a tough old row to hoe,
His skies are dark and dreary;
As to meet a friend upon the way
Who'll with a smile address you,
And clasp your hand and kindly say
“How are you? Why, God bless you.”

It seems like you can hardly speak
As his eyes you're meeting,
A flush comes to your solemn cheek
As you hear his friendly greeting;
Hand on your shoulder he will lay,
His manner'll not distress you;
Instead, will drive the gloom away,
With his kind words, “God bless you.”

And soon the wan, discouraged face
 With smiles be brightly beaming,
 And smoothed as if by magic grace
 With love's rays sweetly gleaming;
 It makes a fluttering in the heart
 As his words they impress you,
 And brings a joy you can't impart
 As he says, "cheer up, God bless you."

This world's a joyous place to stay,
 It's the people that are curious,
 And friends we meet along the way
 They often will prove spurious;
 You'll find kindness will ever pay,
 And joy run to caress you,
 If to downhearted ones you'll say
 "Cheer up, cheer up, God bless you."

HOME

SWEETEST name of childhood days,
 Echoing along life's ways
 Like a soothing sigh
 Of the gentle summer breeze,
 Fragrant from the linden trees,
 And hum of honey-laden bees,
 As evening's drawing nigh.

At thoughts of home cares will go
 And joy will o'er our being flow

Like some healing balm,
As memory will backward trace
Around the dear familiar place
And we can see each loving face
So peacefully and calm.

And then around the cheerful blaze,
On cold and blust'ry winter days
We'd pile the fagots high;
Corn we'd parch, nuts we'd crack
With smoothing iron held on its back
And joyful mirth we'd never lack
As wind went howling by.

O, what sweet rapture did we know
'Round that old home of long ago
Where we played beneath the trees;
In glee our merry laughter'd ring,
Roses to our cheeks 'twould bring
As in the old grape-vine swing
We wafted through the breeze.

Hear voices of the friends we knew,
And feel the pressure kind and true
In warm clasp of the hand;
Home, where we were rocked to sleep
When long evening shadows creep,
(Its memories we will ever keep)
Seemed like a fairy land.

Bold warrior on the battle plain
That's deeply dyed with crimson stain,

He'll ever homeward yearn,
For loving wife with brow so fair,
Or sweetheart with the golden hair,
Or anxious mother waiting there
Watching for his return.

Home memories will ever thrill
And oft our troubled senses still
Wherever we may roam;
Safe refuge in our childhood day,
Sweet retreat when heads are gray
And when from earth we pass away
May we reach that heavenly home.

"JUST ME"

I WAS reared a gawky Hoosier youth
Of Quaker faith and simple truth;
But then I've wandered far away
In worldly paths of sin to stray.
Dropped "plain" speech, Thee, and Thou,
And kind o' lost the "whang" somehow:
Not lived precisely as I'd ought
In the straight way that I was taught.

I've no book learning, as you see;
I'm just as nature fashioned me;
And with her I walk hand in hand,
Her language I can understand;

And keep in line with common folks,
Sing my songs and crack my jokes,
And drive life's dreary cares away,
Make earth a better place to stay.

By trade I'm a jolly "Dusty Coat"
A miller of but little note;
As I see wheels a-whirling round,
And as I hear the merry sound
Of water, as in flume 'twill pour,
And from the waste-way splashing o'er,
Making music for me all about—
The jingles they just bubble out.

I sing of things that I love best,
And as emotions fill my breast;
And as fancy leads me by the hand
Along through some fair Lotus land,
Where the slanting sunbeams stray;
Hear little children at their play—
Things that to common folks appeal
Make living in this world more real.

I see the bright side of this life,
And try to avoid all earthly strife,
And each day sing my little song,
Cheer some one as I pass along.
Then at night when I lie down,
And dark shadows gather 'round,
I can truly to my conscience say,
I've lightened some one's load today.

THE TRUE SOURCE

O, FAIR are the flowers that bloom
On mountain, hill-top and plain,
The fragrance they shed in perfume
Is too deep for man to explain.
For back of those lovely flowers
Is a story that's never been told,
In darkness, sunshine and showers
Their beautiful leaves they unfold.

There's mystery in bud of the rose
That bursts when the dew-drops shine,
As its petals the fragrance disclose,
Tell the wonderful hand that's divine.
But greater than substance it draws
From depth of fresh, virgin sod,
Is the truth it speaks of the laws
Of an all wise and merciful God.

And sweeter than music of birds
That sing at the first blush of dawn,
Too deep for expression in words
Is mystery that inspires the song.
And great the exultation of love
Precedes the beautiful strain,
But greater's the suggestion from above
That proves our Creator doth reign.

Enchanting's the landscape portrayed,
On the canvas in colors so fair,

Greater the suggestion that's made
On the painter who placed it there.
Great is the work that he's done,
But greater's the glory in doing,
Great is the fame that he's won,
But greater's the joy in pursuing.

Great the emotions that start,
When we read what poet doth write,
Greater are those in the heart
Of him when the lines he'll indite.
Great are the symbols of love,
And pure as dew-drops that shine,
For the essence comes from above
And proves our Creator's divine.

THE OLD TIN CUP

O! I OFTEN get to thinking
Of the days so long ago,
When we did most our drinking
From the old tin cup, you know.
One was hanging in the well-shed
And another at the spring,
For the children's milk and bread
There was no better thing.

When 'twas late in the evening,
The sun was sinking low,
And playthings they were leaving
For bed they soon would go.

With bread and milk no time losing—
Soon each little curly head,
Would be tucked up soundly snoozing
In the little trundle bed.

Mother had some long-stem glasses,
But she kept them put away,
Like she did the tree molasses—
Didn't use them every day.
And just for common eating
We used tin cups all the while,
Only when 'twas quart'ly meeting,
And she wished to put on style.

When the preacher and relation,
Would all come a-flocking in,
With appetites to beat the nation—
Way they eat it was a sin.
When they'd ate to satisfaction
Mother'd put those glasses up,
And give us children our milk ration
In our battered old tin cup.

I've seen fine and costly dishes
Where high-toned people sup,
Never any filled my wishes
Like the battered old tin cup.
Dainty viands are deceiving,
And they do not bring the joy,
Like bread and milk in the evening
To a tired, hungry boy.

THE LAST PARTING

THEIR last parting she'll never forget,
When fate their pathways did sever,
And their eyes with tear-drops were wet
When they met and parted forever;
The stars looked down from the skies
As if to witness that parting,
And the tears would gush from her eyes
When he'd insist upon starting.

She'll never forget his solemn face
As love to her he's confessing,
As he held her in that last embrace
His lips to her cheek he was pressing;
They silently stood, their hands clasped,
The stars looked down on their sorrow,
As if they knew that meeting the last
For he must sail on the morrow.

They parted at last, with sad regret,
Tears that were past controlling,
The vows he pledged she'll never forget
Those vows to her are consoling;
But the lips that he pressed to her cheek
Are as cold as death's dark river,
And his sparkling eyes are closed so meek
And sleeping in Flanders forever.

Whenever on midnight stars she'll look
Her sad eyes full of weeping,

Each star to her seems a sealed book,
Secret of that farewell keeping,
And while she'll trudge her lonely way
Until she'll cross death's river,
To meet with him on the Judgment day
He'll live in her heart forever.

TO HON. LUTHER FRANKLIN SYMONS

(Teacher, Banker and Legislator)

LUTE SYMONS, my true, honest friend,
With best regards I now intend
While at the noontide of my prime
To make you subject of a rhyme.
What I believe and feel quite sure
Is that your life it has been pure,
Since you've grown from a little lad,
Like Tennyson's knight, "Sir Galahad."
We know that when you were a boy
This life was not a thing of joy,
Nor filled with sunshine day by day,
For fortune had not smiled your way.
Many hardships you've pulled through
That some are not accustomed to,
Like now, you're calm and sedate,
Storing wisdom in your pate.
For you showed you were no fool
When you went to teaching school;
Then soon you 'rose to higher rank,
To that of president of a bank.

And people then for you did call
To go to Legislature's hall,
Help make laws, which you did so true,
Lute Symons, I am proud of you.

Lute Symons, you have always been
The very commonest of men,
And one thing I could never see,
That you'd notice such a "scrub" as me;
For when you used to come to mill
You'd remain and talk with me until
I had got your grist all ground,
And then you still would loiter 'round;
On an old work-bench we would set—
Seems like I hear you talking yet.
And noble language you would use,
And no one you would e'er abuse;
Always had a kind word to say
For all you'd meet along the way.
When you were gone I felt that I
Had grown a few more inches high;
Cares you lifted from my soul,
As from your grist I took the toll,
While you looked on, didn't seem afraid,
Knew that belonged to milling trade;
Tried no suspicions to conceal,
Nor hinted like you thought I'd steal;
But 'twas right thing for me to do;
Lute Symons, we're all proud of you.

Lute Symons, we love you because
You've helped to pass uplifting laws,

To bring contentment to the door,
Where sorrow has been hovering o'er,
And helped to dry the orphan's tear,
And fill the widow's soul with cheer,
And joy to many a mother brings,
Where grief has gnawed at her heart strings.
And many a weak and patient wife,
Has taken a new lease on life;
O'er her face there comes a smile,
She feels that living's now worth while.
From her thoughts there's gone the dread
Of hearing the unsteady tread
Of him who promised he would be
Her shield o'er life's tempestuous sea;
To love and cherish in his heart,
'Til cruel death their lives do part.
No more with blood-shot eye he'll come
Polluted with the curse of rum.
His cheerful home will be his pride,
With wife and children by his side.
Lute Symons, all these words are true,
And Henry County's proud of you.

Lute Symons, we all honor you,
Because you're loyal, firm and true,
In your daily walks we can see
You're what God wants mankind to be;
And not a bit stuck up because
We sent you off to help make laws,
With Indiana's noblest sons,
And mingle there with "them big guns."
You are not working for yourself,

Nor trying to lay up worldly pelf.
You favor neither click nor clan,
But give to all a helping hand,
And showed from the very start,
You had our interests at heart.
No duty did you e'er neglect,
That's why you've won our true respect,
And generations yet to come
Will point with pride to what you've done,
And be treasured in our memory
An epoch in state's history.
In morals enabled us to stand
With any state in all the land,
And show our colors bright and true
All Indiana's proud of you.

A SONG AND A SMILE

THREE'S nothing on this earth
We find as we pass along;
That will prove half the worth
Like a smile and a song.
A cold, sour, grouchy way
Never is worth while,
There's nothing will ever pay
Like a song and a smile.

Don't you ever bother trouble,
For sure as you do,
Then it will pile up double
And 'twill worry you.

For there's plenty of pleasure
Waiting all the while,
And we'll get Quaker measure
With a song and a smile.

On the sunny side of life
We can always find,
Compensation for all strife,
Leaving cares behind.
For fretting never helps one—
What beats it half-a-mile
Is to head it off when begun
With a song and a smile.

Brooding over things that's past
Helps neither you nor me;
Nurse troubles and they'll last,
As you will plainly see.
Telling them from day to day
They grow bigger all the while,
But we can scatter them away
With a song and a smile.

When a trouble does begin
There will always be,
Some busy-body chipping in
To help it along, you see.
Just give them a knowing wink
To show it's not worth while,
They'll skedaddle before you think
From a song and a smile.

Ofttimes a little word or two,
Will cheer a lonely heart,
Help some one who's feeling blue
And new energy impart.
Bring sparkling luster to the eye
Tears have dimmed a while;
As the days go flitting by
Let's sing a song and smile.

“SHORTY’S CHOICE”

THREE was a gink I used to know
Who was so short he didn't grow
To more than knee-high to a duck—
But he was game and full of pluck.
He married a wife and settled down
On her mother's farm, but soon he found
He'd have it tough, for he had to work
Day in and out, no chance to shirk;
And be bossed by his mother-in-law,
And work mules with their old “hee-haw.”

He worked along as best he could,
Minded the old lady as he should,
Never sassed back at what she said,
But kept a still tongue in his head;
But then often to himself would say,
“There's bound to be a change some day.
For there's no road but what has turned—
I'll stand it for a while, but I'll be durned
If I don't bid farewell to mother-in-law
And the mules with their old ‘hee-haw’.”

When the war broke out across the sea
He said, "By gosh, there's a call for me;
I don't know what they're fighting for,
But I love peace, and I'll go to war."
So, one day, when 'twas bilin' hot
He turned the mules in the pasture lot,
Then bade farewell to his little wife,
And said, "Be true to me for life,"
Then said, "So long" to his mother-in-law
And the mules with their old "hee-haw."

He enlisted then the very next day
And across the ocean sailed away;
He lost no time, for he soon did hunt
The hottest place up at the front.
To his comrades he'd laugh and tell
That he'd rather be 'mid shot and shell,
Hear rifles crack and cannon's roar,
Than to be back on his native shore
And have to live with his mother-in-law
And work mules with their old "hee-haw."

Seemed like he was so full of grit
That he didn't know when to quit,
But would plunge with all his might
Into the thickest, hardest fight,
And act as if he was trying to see
How brave and reckless he could be;
Smiled, when asked if he cared to tell
Why he obeyed orders so well;
Said he'd been trained by a mother-in-law,
And worked mules with their old "hee-haw."

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

FIFTY years ago today
You started on life's way
And tripped merrily to the altar side by side;
And took the solemn vow
You are keeping faithful now,
As when bashful groom and blushing bride
Launched on the matrimonial sea;
With happy hearts so gay and free
With no fears that dark evil would e'er befall.
Your pathway seemed so bright,
Filled your souls with pure delight,
And your trust in God, who watches over all.
Now the years have swiftly flown
And you are older grown
And your heads are silvered o'er with gray;
You've seen life's hopes and fears
With its joys and bitter tears,
Time's brought around your golden wedding day.

Many chilly winds have blown
Since the fifty years have flown,
When you started on life's journey hand in hand;
But through the frost and snow,
There has been a genial glow
In your breasts, which only lovers understand.
There's been sunshine and been shade
'Round your door where children played,

But with joy there is always bitter pain;
And briny tears you've shed
'Round the little suffering bed,
For with sunny days there always has been rain.
Grief comes alike to all
In each life some rain must fall,
But clouds will scatter from our skies away,
And sorrow will depart—
Love can heal the bleeding heart,
Like on this your happy, golden wedding day.

Through the happy years now spent
You have on each other leant
And the counsel of our Savior ever sought;
His trust you've ne'er betrayed
Safe refuge for you He's made,
And brought contentment wealth has never bought.
Your steps are getting slow
As your shadows longer grow,
And more closely to each other now you cling;
May the blessings of the past
Remain with you 'till the last
And the beauty of its lustre 'round you fling.
We devoutly pray that you
When the tasks of life are through,
And the angels call you from this earth away
To the happy realms above
'Round the Father's throne of love
That you'll meet on that eternal wedding day.

THE TOWN OF GREENSBORO

YOU know 'tis kind o' natural for there to always be,
Some little town dearer to us than other towns
we see.

Where people are so clever they make us welcome
there,

We can almost feel the friendship floating on the air.
When some one is ailing and has to stay indoors,
Neighbors will gather in and do up all the chores,
And act so kind and tender, like a country boy in love,
In this town of Greensboro that I now am speaking of.

Where women folks are piecing quilts for the Ladies'
Aid,

Then get out and hustle 'round to sell what they've
made.

Loafers sitting 'round the stores and blacksmith shops,
Kind o' shooting off their lip to every one that stops.
Those who do not like to work, but would rather stray
Down some back alley and pitch horseshoes there all
day.

Boys with rubber flippers, make each other jump and
shout,

In this little town of Greensboro I'm telling you about.

But you must be careful like, about what you do or say,
Or folks will suspicion you, and be giving you away.
For some of the women folks are always on the "gad"
And the men that loaf around are just about as bad.

When any little thing turns up then they talk to kill ;
Say they knowed it all along, but was just a-keeping
still.

Let a little scandal start, it will grow like all git out
In this little town of Greensboro I'm telling you about.

Oh! I tell you 'tis a pleasure to live in this little town,
And just go out a calling on the neighbors all around ;
For when they see you coming they smile and say
"come in,"

And when you go to leave say, "be sure to come again."
See the women get together just as clever as can be,
And telling one another everything they hear and see.
When some one has misfortune, the others help them
out

In this little town of Greensboro I'm telling you about.

And if from this little town I should ever stray,
When it comes my time to go, and my spirit's called
away,

To take its upward flight, to regions bright and fair ;
I want them to bring my body back and bury it here
somewhere.

So that on the glorious morning when all the saints
arise

In response to Gabriel's summons to appear up in the
skies,

Oh, may I rise up with them, and start off with a shout
From this little town of Greensboro I've been telling
you about.

SO TIRED

OUR friends are few and far between,
Cold and dark this world doth seem;
We're glad to see the day's work done
And see the lonely night come on,
For, Oh, we are so tired!

Oh, could we lay life's burden down
And sleep beneath a grassy mound
There rest forever and for aye,
Or, rather, 'til the Judgment day,
For we are, O, so tired!

The days of youth go flitting by,
O, catch the sunbeams as they fly,
It will only seem a day or two
'Til the joys of life are through—
We've grown old and tired.

We seek the pleasures of this life
In ever ending, ceaseless strife;
And find 'tis but an empty dream
The cradle and the grave between,
And, O, we are so tired!

We try to drive life's cares away
In the busy turmoil of the day,
But find as we try more and more
That cares are with us as before
And, O, we are so tired!

The joys of life they flit away
Like shadows on a summer day;
Let's seek Christ with honest heart
And He will from us ne'er depart,
 But shield when we are tired.

O, safely guide us, Saviour dear,
Through this life of hope and fear,
And securely shield us from all harm
As we lean upon Thy mighty arm,
 And rest when we are tired.

The journey here will soon be done,
Our race on earth how soon 'tis run;
We'll lean upon the Master's breast
And there forever more to rest,
 And never then be tired.

OUR MOTHER

NO ONE can cool the fevered brow,
Or soothe the aching head;
Like her who in fond love did bow
 O'er our little trundle bed.
Who by our side would gently kneel
 Bade care and sorrow flee,
And clung to us through woe or weal
 From earliest infancy.

No one can cheer the drooping heart,
When clouds are o'er the sky ;
Like her who'd to the cradle start
At our very faintest cry.
Who tries to banish all our cares,
Wherever we may be,
We've been the subject of her prayers
From earliest infancy.

No one can take us by the hand
When we've sunk in sinful ways,
Like her who'd bravely by us stand
In our happy childhood days
And rescue us from haunts of sin,
As she pleads on bended knee,
And fold us to her heart again
As in earliest infancy.

LET'S DO OUR BEST

OUR life on earth is but a span
That we mingle with our fellowman,
And plod along the weary road
Beset by trials, urged by the goad ;
Sometimes in anguish and despair
With burdens that are hard to bear.
Bowed with weight that doth enslave,
A voice calls, which says "be brave,"
For when all is done and said ;

We find that we are not alone
Others have cares great as our own;
Then let us as we go along
Cheer each other with smile and song
For man's a long time dead.

We find amid the surging crowd
Some one that's in sorrow bowed,
Then with the power that we command
Let's loan to them a helping hand,
That we some fertile seed may sow
In a lonely heart where it may grow;
Perhaps that in some future day
'Twill help to chase the tears away
From eyes where joy has fled.
Then never let us stop to ask
How long's the road or hard the task,
Or thorns in path with patience trod
To lead some wandering one to God
Who'll be a long time dead.

THEY UNDERSTAND

WE LITTLE thought while others fought
Over in stricken France,
What 'twould mean or how 'twould seem
To see the troops advance;
Nor weeping eyes 'neath sunny skies
Where mother kneeled to pray,

Her bleeding heart when her boy'd start
To march so far away;
As she would stand and hold his hand,
And sob with trembling breath,
She knows that he must cross the sea
And take his chance with death.
Her darling boy is still her joy,
Folds him with loving hands,
Close to her heart e'er he'll depart—
That mother understands.

The fathers they will ofttimes say
Let's hope it's for the best,
But they little know the awful woe
That's in the mother's breast;
A father'll drown his sorrow down
In this life's busy mart,
A mother'll keep her sorrow deep
In recesses of her heart;
A mother'll pray from day to day
He'll escape temptations wild,
All that can be done beneath the sun
She'll venture for her child;
For he must go and face the foe
In far distant lands,
Hardships bear far from her care—
That mother understands.

When laughter stilled and sorrow filled
Hearts on a distant shore,
We did not dream how it would seem
'Til it came unto our door;

See our young men all mustered then
 Into the training camp,
Then soon to go and fight the foe
 In trenches dark and damp.
See loving bride torn from the side
 Of one who promised he
Would be her stay along the way
 O'er life's tempestuous sea;
Of his care bereft for she is left,
 Rent are love's tender bands,
For cruel fate her heart doth break—
 That young wife understands.

THE CHURCH ON THE HILL

(Read at the 85th anniversary of the Clear Spring Quaker
 Church, Thanksgiving Day, 1914.)

YEAR after year have gone circling away
 Since the fore-parents, in that early day
On each homestead settled 'round,
 Built their cabins and cleared the ground;
Longed for a Church to worship in the Quaker way,
 They followed the teaching of Fox in that day;
Gave of their earnings with a cheerful free-will,
 Built the little Church that stands on the hill.

'Twas built on the plan of those early days
 With partition in center and shutters to raise;
Which always were closed when business was done,
 But sure to be raised when preaching begun.

Each sex sat apart—'twas a beautiful sight—
Women to the left, and men on the right.
The "heads" of the meeting sat serene, calm and still
In the little Church that stands on the hill.

Some scoffed at the birthright, the plain thee and thou,
The speech then so common that's seldom heard now;
Used by the elders when in the gallery they sat—
Wore the drab bonnet, and broad beaver hat;
When they gathered to worship with one sweet accord,
Believed in one baptism, one faith, and one Lord.
On First days and Fourth days, came quiet and still
To the little Church that stands on the hill.

Ofttimes ardent youths in fondness would gaze
On fair Quaker maids with sweet, winsome ways;
But up in the gallery would be watchful eyes
That would see glances they couldn't disguise.
Some father or mother would be moved to proclaim
With tongue all a-fire with Pentecost flame,
The truth of the gospel to that audience so still
In the little Church that stands on the hill.

Oh, many the meetings have been held day and night
And sinners been brought from darkness to light;
Burdens of guilt from their souls rolled away
When they saw the dawn of their spiritual day—
Eyes opened to see, tongues loosed to proclaim
The wonderful love of the Lamb that was slain;
There were glad hallelujahs resounded, until
They echoed again from the Church on the hill.

Fervent the prayers that ascended on high
To the Father of love with His all-seeing eye;
Scripture expounded in its beautiful truth,
Young hearts led aright in days of their youth;
And marvelous blessings have come from above
To those who accepted His bountiful love,
And surrendered completely to the Master's will
In the little Church that stands on the hill.

Time's wrought a change since that early day,
The Church taken on a more modern way;
The gallery's gone where the pioneers sat,
Likewise the drab bonnet and broad beaver hat.
The members have dropped the plain thee and thou
And the audience sits promiscuously now;
But the same loving spirit is hovering still
O'er the little Church that stands on the hill.

Dear little Church, Oh, long may you stand,
And shed Christian influence over the land;
The noble example the first Quakers set
May each generation emulate yet;
And may we all, on that great Judgment-day
Be raised up as pure and spotless as they,
And when Gabriel sounds the last trump so shrill
May a halo linger 'round the Church on the hill.

AT EVENTIDE

AT EVENTIDE, when the day's work is done,
And silence seems to everywhere abound;
Then grow bolder with the setting sun
The shadows that now gather 'round.
All nature is so quiet, calm and still,
And rapture seems in all things to abide—
We hear the plaintive note of the whippoorwill—
And turn our thoughts toward God at eventide.

At eventide, when fleecy clouds are rolled
In gentle ripples, where the zephyrs play
With enchanting splendor, and their tints of gold,
Drive life's dull and dreary cares away,
All envy and malice should be put to flight;
As love's fingers o'er our heart strings glide
They wake responsive chords for our delight,
And turn our thoughts toward God at eventide.

At eventide, when song birds seek their rest,
In some secluded spot, some leafy dell;
To wake at rosy morn with music in their breast
And happy notes upon the breezes swell,
We then hear nature kindly to us say,
As like a spirit nestling by our side,
“Lay all your cares and griefs away
And lean upon my breast at eventide.”

At eventide, when youthful joys have flown,
And age comes gently creeping on,

Our shadows, eastward cast, are longer grown,
And all desire for earthly things is gone.
'Tis then we feel the nameless, sweet content,
That the Saviour will our footsteps guide,
When on His wondrous promises we've leant,
We'll sing our sweetest songs at eventide.

THE FAITHFUL DOG

SOME claim the horse is at the head
Of all dumb animals here on earth,
If taken away none could fill his stead
That ever yet has had birth;
But if we'll observe as we pass along
As through life's journey we jog,
A brute that's worthy of comment and song
Is an honest, true, faithful dog.

For where is the boy who has not had
A canine of some strain or breed,
That was his friend when he was a lad,
To protect him when he was in need?
Whether at work, or a truant, he'd stray,
Along a stream or some marshy bog,
A companion who would close by him stay
Was his good, true, faithful dog.

We know there's some curs as ugly as sin,
Yellow, and stump-tailed at that;
Their sides resemble a washboard, so thin,
Don't look like they'd ever get fat.

But if you'll take them and treat them good
They'll stay with you wherever you jog,
And they'll never be guilty of ingratitude—
There's no deceit in a good' faithful dog.

You'll find it, don't care what breed you take
A Scotch Collie, Setter, or Hound,
Or bench-legged fyce, they never will fake,
As with some boy they go tagging around.
They'll go in the water and bring out a stick
Or chase away a horse, cow, or hog ;
And just fight like blixom if he will "sic"
Them on to some other dog.

We know there are rascals not worth a cuss,
Just sit around, smoke, chew and swear ;
And growl, grumble and make a big fuss ;
As snappy and cross as a bear.
When they get a dime they hurry off quick,
And spend it for tobacco, or grog,
While wife o'er the wash-tub closely'll stick—
They're not worthy as a good faithful dog.

Mankind is listed at the very top notch
Of the animal kingdom, you know ;
Crime's increasing show sin's made a botch,
And his rating should be very low.
The Devil has servants which should be placed
At the head of the whole catalog,
From civilization they should be erased,
Their place filled with a good faithful dog.

THE NEIGHBOR

WHEN a feller's purt-nigh busted
An' kin hardly drag about,
Fer his health's got up an' dusted,
Rheumatiz has knocked him out.
An' his children they air ailin',
His wife she's complainin' too,
He kin see her strength a-failin'
'Cause she has so much to do.

An' the springtime grass is growin'
An' he ort to start the plow,
Fer the dogwood bloom is showin',
But he cannot do it now.
Team standin' idle in the stable,
Plow is rustin' in the sun,
Fer he don't feel that he's able
To hire his plowin' done.

He sets around an' acts so weary,
An' he's gittin' somewhat cross,
Fer it makes him sad an' dreary
When he sees there's so much loss.
His good wife tries to cheer him
Tells him that he must not fret,
But to pray the Lord will hear him
In the "leventh hour yet."

Then they see a neighbor comin'
With a great big honest grin,
An' a cheerful tune he's hummin'
When they ask him to come in.
An' he says he kind o' sorter
Thought he'd drap in an' see
Jist like a neighbor orter
When they's a sick family.

Then they both begin to tell him
'Bout their trouble an' their loss,
"An' they ask if they kin sell him
A cow, or perhaps a hoss."
An' jest beg of him to take it—
Need the money, so they say;
Don't see how they will make it
Fer their tax is now to pay.

"Ah!" says he, "I'll go tommory
As your taxes now air due,
An' you needn't sell ner borry,
Fer I will pay 'em off fer you.
As fer your work, don't you worry,
All us neighbors will begin
An' we'll all come in a hurry
'Til we put your whole crap in."

Then the tears they come a-gushin'
An' they stand thar on his cheek,
An' the words they come a-rushin'
So that he kin hardly speak.

An' the good wife stands beside him
Her eyes, too, with tears are wet,
Sayin' as she puts her arms around him
"The Lord's not fergot us yet."

Oh! that's the kind of 'ligion
That we need here every day,
An' I wouldn't give a smidgeon
Fer it any other way.
They's some who never show it,
In their daily walk,
An' the only way you know it
Is by protracted meetin' talk.

They's some who think they'd orter
Be baptized to cleanse their sin,
But they'll come up from the worter
Jist as mean as they went in.
An' say they hardly kin keep even,
When you ask 'em to shell out,
An' they think they'll go to heaven
By the old close fisted route.

They's some that shout an' holler,
Some air quiet an' serene,
An' everytime they git a dollar
They'll make the eagle scream
By turnin' it an' twistin' it
An' squeezin' it, you know,
Tryin' to make three more uv it
Before they let it go.

Oh! give us the good old neighbor,
 When he sees we're down an' out
 He'll come with his cash or labor
 'Til we're up an' 'round about.
 Tries to drive away our sorry
 An' to banish all our care,
 Make fer us a bright to-morry—
 An' his daily life's a prayer.

That's the way our Saviour taught us,
 With kind words an' lovin' deeds,
 With His precious blood He bought us
 Not with shrines an' selfish creeds.
 Then upon that glorious mornin'
 May we with the saints arise,
 An' His wondrous love adornin'
 By our presence in the skies.

WINTER

THE earth's in icy fetters froze,
 And from the north the chill wind blows,
 No more in hedge the crickets sing—
 On beech and oak the scant leaves cling.
 The ponds with ice are now sealed o'er,
 And snow drifts deep around the door.
 In the thick wood is heard the whacks
 And ringing stroke of chopping axe;
 See muffled teamsters as they go,
 A-hauling o'er the creaking snow

The logs of hickory and of oak,
That yielded to the woodman's stroke,
To keep the hearth fires blazing bright,
And cheer the cold, drear wintry night.

The silent watchers of the night,
At twilight come with rays so bright,
O'er darkened earth in splendor throw
Through frosty air on glittering snow.
The moon in all its beauty now
Climbs o'er the hilltop's frosty brow,
And its mellow tints so softly beam
On meadow land and frozen stream.
Outside the wind is cold and bleak,
And leaves a tingle on the cheek.
They're coasting now on the hill-side,
And o'er the ice the skaters glide;
The wind is wailing through the trees,
Icicles hang now from the eaves.

The white snow flakes now circle 'round
And settle softly on the ground,
Or as the wind will gently shift
And piles them in an oblong drift;
Or, carried on the eddying breeze
Sift through branches of the trees.
The pale sun's blotted from the sky,
By dark clouds as they hurry by.
No traveler now the highway blurs,
For not a single creature stirs;

And as the wintry storm's increased,
All sheltered now is man and beast.
There's no sound on the muffled breeze
Except the wailing of the trees.

Sunrise in morn is cold and gray,
While stormy cloud have cleared away ;
Over earth it shines forth so weak
On powdered drifts where wind is bleak.
Nature all day is quiet and still
Throughout woodland, vale and hill.
Then at eventide in silent hush,
The sun sinks with a pinkish blush ;
There are no rends love can't repair,
For it sheds its beauty everywhere.
At home, around the cheerful hearth,
Most sacred spot there is on earth ;
With books and friends and hearts so light,
We while away the wintry night.

AN OLD HEN

SOMETIMES an old hen thinks it best
To hunker down upon a nest,
And see if she can hatch a chick
Out of a corn-cob or a stick ;
Winter time, seems like, is when
She tries to set the hardest then,
Right when eggs she ought to lay
And help to drive high cost away.

Now we have a famous Plymouth-Rock,
Fine specimen of the feathered flock,
That's gone to set out in the barn—
This is a fact, it is no yarn—
And whenever I go close about
She hi'sts up mad as git-out;
Eyes glitter like two beads of glass,
Expecting me to make a pass;
And watches me long as I stay—
Feathers all turned the wrong way.
The other day I went out where
That old hen was setting there,
To see if another hen had laid
An egg in the nest where she stayed.
Had on my hand a canvas glove,
Thought I'd give her a gentle shove
To one side, so I could see
If there was an egg for me.
She grabbed bare place on my wrist,
And then gave her bill a twist,
Just held on to a hunk of skin,
And she pinched to beat all sin;
And just kept hold of that big hunk—
I tell you that hen showed her spunk.
I jerked loose, called her bad name,
Says I, "Old hen by gosh you're game.
Like when some people set their head,
Have their way until they're dead,
And as you peck so all-fired stout,
Now set 'til you've got your set out."

TRIALS

I HAVE worked with all my might
Right along from day to day,
Grinding grain from morn 'til night
For the folks to haul away;
I've ground flour for them to bake
Into bread, and cakes, and pies,
When asked if best that I could make
I perhaps have told some lies.

I've ground rye, barley, corn and oats
Into tons, and tons of feed,
For growing calves, or fattening shoats,
Dairy cows, and driving steed;
Ground for men so dad-burned queer
I don't believe they have a soul,
It seemed like a sin, or very near,
From their grist to take the toll.

Since time began some folks contend
That milling is a rogueish trade,
But the millers I will e'er defend
From assertions that are made;
And nothing good was ever said
(So far, I believe, as I have heard)
About a miller 'til he's dead—
A fact that simply is absurd.

And some folks seem to presume
That a miller's going to steal,
Every time he opens up the flume
And turns the water on the wheel;
Some claim he will steal their sack
And then try to make it seem
That he will follow 'round, by jack,
To see if he can steal their team.

So, if by labor you should exist
This advice I'll give to you,
Don't ever grind a-body's grist
If you've something else to do
By which you can a living make,
For the people will declare,
That in Hades you should bake,
And they'd like to put you there.

When I come to that pearly gate
I think St. Peter'll let me in,
Although my life has not been straight,
Nor has it been free from sin;
I believe that he will kindly say:
"You deserve a crown upon your head,
For scoldings uttered baking day
By the women 'bout their bread."

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS

NEW YEAR'S EVE, a deep solemn thought
Doth now o'er our senses steal,
Which to us should strongly appeal
The changes the old year has wrought;
The good and bad that it has taught,
Now wound on time's mysterious reel.
Let flowers of forgetfulness conceal
The hideous scars that war has brought.
We're on threshold of a year that's new,
And see foiled plans that we have laid,
And as we now take a retrospective view
Let's profit by mistakes we've made;
And nobler purposes let us now pursue—
Trust all to God and not be afraid.

MY FIRST BREECHES

WHEN I was a little shaver—
Wore my baby dresses yet,
I imagined I'd be braver
When some breeches I would get.
For then I would not be hiding
When girls'd come about,
Of my dresses they were chiding
When e'er they'd see me out.

So, when mother took my measure
With string and piece of chalk,
It filled my heart with pleasure
So that I could hardly talk.
Time had come for which I was trusting
And my brain was in a whirl,
'Til my head seemed nearly bursting
That I'd no longer play the girl.

I watched her taking the last stitches
As I hurried with the chores,
Was so anxious for those breeches
That I wouldn't play out doors;
When she'd sewed on the last button
And had fixed the pockets, too,
I put them on and went a-struttin'
So proud I didn't know what to do.

I never will forget the rapture
That did my bosom swell,
Nor my mother's joyful laughter
As I gave a boyish yell.
I found the pockets all so spacious—
Made of drilling that was stout,
Of which my mother was so gracious,
So I wouldn't wear them out.

The pockets were on what I'd doted,
My hands to their depths I run,
While their capacity I noted
Same as other boys have done.

To those pockets I was soon bestowing
Marbles, tops, and other toys,
And their contents proudly showing—
They were greatest of my joys.

Plainly now I see those breeches
As I look in memory's glass,
See torn rents and broken stitches,
Stains from contact with the grass.
When e'er I look with retrospection
Nothing sets my brain a-whirl,
And brings the heart felt satisfaction
Like when I ceased to play the girl.

NEGLIGENCE

WHEN the skies are fair above us
And our sun is shining bright,
With kind friends around to love us
And hearts so warm and light;
And no cares to make us fretful,
And no danger hovering nigh,
It is then we grow forgetful,
And neglect our God on high.

Through the annals of our history,
Since the day that Adam fell,
While it seems like 'tis a mystery
Yet 'tis truth the records tell;

How Israel's children sang hosanna,
To their God who set them free,
Then forgot who sent the manna,
When they'd gained their liberty.

When our pathway's bright we're cheerful,
As we're prospering day by day,
But when storms arise we're fearful—
Then we flee to God and pray;
In our days of peace and gladness
If we're grateful to Him, when
There come bitter hours of sadness
He will not forsake us then.

AUTUMN

THERE is a charm about Autumn weather
When's gathered in the golden sheaf,
And falling downward like a feather
Is the tinted forest leaf;
And the pawpaws ripe and tender
And the grapes in clusters shine,
The yellow jackets love to linger
'Round the watermelon rind.

Farmers' teams they now are hauling
Gravel on the old turnpike,
And the wooly-worms are crawling
Just as fast as they can hike;

And the humming-birds deserted
The wild honeysuckle vine,
Where the summer zephyrs flirted
And the morning-glories twine.

Now the turkeys flock together
And the buzzard's soaring high,
As if fearing stormy weather,
And he thinks he'd better try
And seek a more suitable location,
Away from the frost and snow
In some southern habitation
Where the balmy breezes blow.

The ripe walnuts now are falling,
Hear the schoolboys' merry shout,
For their playmates they are calling—
Lessons done and school is out;
Loudly rings their happy laughter
As they're strolling o'er the land,
Don't have to guess what they are after—
Tell by stains upon their hand.

Pumpkins now are turning yellow,
As they ripen in the sun;
The apples they are good and mellow,
And the "tater" diggin's done;
And the swallows quit their nesting
Underneath the stable eave,
And the lightning-bugs are resting,
Blue-birds now have taken leave.

And the old house-dog is scratching,
And a-biting off the fleas;
And the old hens now are catching
Bugs and worms among the leaves;
And the chill north winds are blowing,
The frosty mornings now are here,
That sets our ruddy cheeks a-glowing
In the golden time o' year.

MOTHER

TIS a mother's sweet devotion
Binds us with her sacred love,
With its tender, kind emotion
Like an angel from above.
There's no name of those we meet,
Neither father, sister, brother,
That falls upon the ear so sweet
As the hallowed name of mother.

In the days of childhood's dreaming
Her love's written on the heart,
And its golden rays are gleaming
'Til we from this life depart.
And through all our worldly grief
We can never find another
Who can bring heartfelt relief
Like a noble, Christian mother.

Oh! what rapture did we know
As our little sob she'd hush,
Bending o'er our cradle low
Kind words from her heart would gush ;
Though our lips no sound impart
And the sighs we'd try to smother,
None can hear them with the heart
Like a precious, darling mother.

Oh! the beams of heavenly grace—
Seemed like our earthly cares,
When we'd see her smiling face,
Slipped from our being unawares.
Tears of joy would fill our eyes,
Which we would not try to smother,
In grief or joy there's no disguise
Can ever hide it from a mother.

Like an autumn leaf decaying,
Lines of care are on her brow,
And her falt'ring step's portraying
Mother's old and feeble now.
And as we watch her day by day
Tears will rise we cannot smother,
For we can hear kind nature say
You must bid farewell to mother.

Her lovely form is stooping o'er
And warns us of decay,
As shadows from that silent shore
Fall 'round our mother's way.

Her loving heart and kindly deed
Show in her friendly look,
Which in her face each one can read
As from a holy book.

The light of her life's gone down
As the sun sinks behind the hill,
But the glory of her life goes on
So peacefully and still.
We'll miss her at the evening prayer,
With her calm face so bright,
And pause as still we linger there
To hear her say good-night.

Our mother's hand will beckon us,
Our mother's call be given,
To lead a life of righteousness
And meet with her in heaven.
Fold her, O Father, to thy breast,
And there may she ever be,
A messenger in that land of rest
Between our selves and thee.

A RELIGIOUS RIPPLE

THEY have their Church fixed up, and it's finest
one in town,
And best seats are in it for the members to sit down;
Showiest painted windows, nicest carpets on the floor,
Fine rug to clean their shoes on when they come in at
the door.

The most refined congregation there is for miles around,
The best educated preacher, that could anywhere be found ;
Expect him to consult them how he should preach and pray,
They're going to worship Jesus in a modern, stylish way.

The tone of their pipe-organ is all they could desire,
Have the latest hymn books and the best instructed choir ;
Whose leader is as handsome and cultured as can be,
The ushers are as courteous as one would wish to see.
House is warmed by furnace in the basement down below,
No ugly stoves or stove-pipes are in the room to show ;
Such things are out of date, and they've had their day,
They're going to worship Jesus in a modern, stylish way.

Part of that congregation is getting old and rather queer,
Still want to worship Jesus in the way to them so dear ;
Sing the good old gospel songs that they loved long ago,
Although the tunes are out of date, and meter somewhat slow.
But they brought the blessing when they'd join and sing,
Especially in the chorus where their voices all would ring ;

But sit there doing nothing, neither help to sing nor
pray,
Just trying to worship Jesus in a modern, stylish way.

The younger members of that Church thought it would
never do,
For things to drift along as the old members wanted
to;
That things should be changed around and brought up
to date,
Old folks should keep still, and let young folks demon-
strate.
For it would not be very long 'til they would take the
lead,
They might as well at once begin, 'twas what the
Churches need;
Old folks had lost out, young folks should now hold
sway,
For 'twas time to worship Jesus in a modern, stylish
way.

Things kept getting warm and warmer, pastor thought
he'd try
And get them cooled down a little, or the fur would
fly;
Old folks had their heads set, wanted to have their say,
Young folks were determined to die, or have their way.
Each sermon was loud, and louder, subject of each
theme,
Was if they'd get to heaven, love should rule supreme.
Young folks didn't heed it, thought new ideas should
hold sway,

If they were going to worship Jesus in a modern, stylish way.

Pastor kept on trying, did all in his power he could
To get his congregation to act just as they should ;
He tried a scheme which he thought might content-
ment bring ;

The old folks could testify, and young folks could sing.
But at that same meeting when the choir did begin
One of the good old brothers couldn't keep from butt-
ing in ;

And made a discord there that bothered them that day,
So they couldn't worship Jesus in a modern, stylish
way.

Then a good old saintly sister 'rose up from her seat
Commenced an exhortation about tares among the
wheat ;

Then among the young folks went a whisper all around,
Thought it would be proper for the choir to "sing her
down."

And when that choir did begin, a titter soft and low
Was heard among the sinners back in the Devil's row ;
The tune was a new-fangled one they were practicing
that day,

When they'd met to worship Jesus in a modern, stylish
way.

The pastor didn't stop his praying until this answer
came ;

"When you meet to worship in the blest Redeemer's
name,

Cast on Him your sorrows, He will all your burdens
bear;
He'll drive away your sadness and banish all your
care,
And bring to you contentment, and a blessing for your
soul;
If you give your heart to Him He will let salvation roll
Into the dark recesses, make your life as bright as day,
If you'll worship Jesus in the good old gospel way."

When the pastor 'rose to preach upon next meeting
day,
He said, "Lay all contentions down and give God the
right of way;"
Then the message he delivered, had the real gospel
ring,
And then he said in tones so sweet, "Let all the people
sing."
Coronation was the tune that day, and the music up-
ward rolled,
It seemed as if angels there were playing harps of
gold.
And may it ever be until that great final Judgment Day,
When all meet they'll worship God in the true gospel
way.

WATERMELON TIME

’TIS the time o’ year we love,
When the skies are clear above,
And the sun shines hot through the day;
And it cools off at night
That makes sharp the appetite—
Want to eat all that comes our way.
And dog days now are o’er,
We don’t swelter any more,
And enjoy life peaceful and sublime;
For this weather pleases all—
Young, old, great and small—
For you know this is watermelon time.

Dust settles side of road
On grass where ’tis blowed
By the wind as it goes rushing by;
Butterflies gather ’round
Moist places on the ground,
Where water stood, but now is dry;
Bumble-bee’s lost his buzz,
And not saucy like he was
When he’d pop with his sting, make us climb;
And boys are not afraid
In grass and weeds to wade,
And they’re happy now in watermelon time.

Plant your seed in sandy soil,
You’ll get paid for all your toil
With luscious ones that are juicy and sweet;

Try some old Mountain Sprout,
For they're prolific as git out;

You'll find Phiney's early hard to beat.
And old Kentucky Red Core
Make children holler out for more,
Their voices ringing like a merry chime;
And they want to stay
'Round in the patch all day
And feast there in watermelon time.

'Tis the time that rowdy boys
Who are full of harmless joys,
For their minds to take mischievous turn;
And slip out at night
When the stars are shining bright,
And swipe watermelons big as any churn.
Then, as time glides away
There'll come the Judgment day,
The golden stairs they'll try to climb;
St. Peter'll halt 'em at the gate
And bid 'em there to wait
While he'll remind them of watermelon time.

MEMORIES

CHRISTMAS times are drawin' nigh,
Oh law, Aunt Jemima,
An' my spirits run so high
 Seems like you'll have to tie me.
As memory goes a-skootin' back,
 When I was young an' sportin',
An' of the good old times, by jack
 When I went out a-courtin'.

When ground was covered o'er with snow
 An' nice for sleigh-ridin',
An' bells a-jingling clear, you know,
 As we'd go by a-glidin';
Drivin' the old family hoss,
 As he'd poke along a-chuggin',
Lines o'er the dash I'd gently toss
 An' use both arms for huggin'.

With hot bricks wrapped for our feet,
 An' the sleigh-bells just a-tunin',
An' cutter with a narrow seat,
 Made for couples to be spoonin';
With happy hearts a-beat an' light
 As any downy feather,
An' moon an' stars a-shinin' bright,
 But gossip they would never.



An' soon reach the old town hall,
Hear fiddles music makin',
Tie old hoss in the livery stall,
An' soon our feet we's shakin';
First the toe, an' then the heel,
To the raspin' of the fiddle,
As we tripped off Virginia reel,
Or else waltzed down the middle.

Neardest way home wus furdest 'round
Because we wasn't keerin',
I still hear them sleigh-bells sound
When I tune up my hearin';
She was purtiest girl in all the land,
A sweet an' lovely creature—
She's the one with me did stand
Before the Quaker preacher.

TO MILDRED ALLEN

(The youngest pastor in the Indiana Yearly Meeting
of Friends, August, 1915)

O, WE LOVE the fragrant flowers,
With their bright and tinted hue,
Refreshed by morning sun and showers,
Kissed by crystal drops of dew.
And we love all things of nature—
Trees that in the breezes nod;
As well as every living creature,
Show the wondrous works of God.

Everything it has a duty
And a mission here below ;
To show God's work in its beauty
As the seasons come and go.
For by Him all was created,
And he blessed them with His smile ;
Male and female all were mated
And mankind alone proved vile.

Man was placed in the beginning
In that lovely garden there,
But he straightway went to sinning—
Yielded to the temptor's snare ;
Showed the nature that was human—
(The deed he did wasn't straight)
When he tried to blame the woman,
God had given him for a mate.

God then for their first transgression,
On the pair His curse did place,
Following with each generation
Ever on the human race.
That they could not live forever,
But must toil while here below,
Until death the soul would sever
And to dust the body go.

God then gave them full salvation,
Sent His son to set them free ;
Paid the price of man's redemption
When He perished on the tree.

For He left the shining portals
In His Father's home above,
Shed His blood for sinful mortals,
Bought us with His wondrous love.

God is seeking intercessors,
To call His wandering children home;
To shun the ways of transgressors
And no more in sin to roam.
To live sinless like the flowers,
That in their seasons go and come,
In their lovely tinted bowers,
Making bright our earthly home.

God hath called you, Mildred Allen,
In your lovely days of youth,
To proclaim to man that's fallen
His most sacred words of truth.
And you tell the dear old story,
Of our Saviour and His love,
Of the home prepared in glory,
In the mansions up above.

He who tamed the raging lion
In that fierce Chaldean den,
May He shield you on to Zion,
As He did old Daniel then.
He was with the faithful Hebrew,
Cooled the fiery furnace there;
May His strong arm ever shield you
Safely from the tempter's snare.

To the children you are teaching
That they refrain from every sin,
And to older ones you're preaching,
Power to make them pure within.
May your zeal ne'er know abating,
So that when you're called to go,
There'll be stars your crown awaiting
"Where the healing waters flow."

LIFE'S GOLDEN SUNSET

HOW beautiful the light breaks through
The morning's blissful dawn,
When every plant's revived by dew,
And the gloom of night is gone.
Sweet flowers are blooming everywhere,
And the hum of busy bees
Is borne on the fresh balmy air
From fragrant orchard trees.

And how beautiful it is to see
The glorious, rising sun,
With dew-drops on bush and tree,
When a lovely day's begun.
'Tis like the journey of this life
While youth's spring is bright;
We start amid this worldly strife
With hearts so gay and light.

Our youthful aspirations rise
As the days go gliding by,
Like the sun in rosy morning skies
Takes its course on high.
If we no evil would betide
Here on our earthly way,
Let's obey Him whose hand doth guide
That blissful orb of day.

As the morning sun still upward goes,
In a sky of matchless blue
Its radiant beams on earth it throws
Like our Saviour's love so true.
And when maturer years come on,
In manhood's golden prime,
His loving hand still leads along
Through life's brief summer time.

And when the sun has crossed at last
Its highest point of day,
Our shadows now are eastward cast
As it takes its downward way.
Just like on earth we come so soon
Through sunshine or through shade,
And quickly reach life's afternoon
When the bloom of youth will fade.

And as the sun will onward sink
Down in the western sky,
We then will from no duty shrink
When our thoughts are fixed on high.

If we are in His light and truth
No cares will rend our brow,
If we've obeyed Him in our youth
He'll not forsake us now.

And as the springtime's morning sun
Sends its rays through the air,
Until the winter's gloom is gone
And there's sunshine everywhere.
Life's evening shades will lengthen fast
As time's ceaseless wave doth roll,
But no gloom upon our pathway cast
When there's sunshine in the soul.

And like the sunset's golden hue
On the twilight sky so fair,
As that sphere is lost from view
Its beauties still seem there.
Like a Christian's life of cheer,
When their task on earth is done,
They leave a halo lingering here
Like the glorious setting sun.

LET US BE KIND

IT ALWAYS makes me feel so sorry,
To hear some with minds so narry,
As they'll trouble try to borry
From the fact that we must die.

It's a point there's no disputin',
We'll all die as sure as shootin',
And our souls go skally-hootin',
Down below or up on high.

It's no use for us to worry,
And be always in a flurry,
For we'll shuffle in a hurry
When it comes our time to go.
There should be regeneration
And a special preparation
For the final separation
To escape the abyss below.

And while we are sorely weeping
For the silent ones who're sleeping,
And their memory sacred keeping
When they in the graves are hid ;
And our tenderest songs are singing,
And our sweetest flowers are bringing,
But no fragrance they are flinging
There above a coffin lid.

Then let us love one another,
Like a sister and a brother,
Our affections never smother—
But greet each other with a smile ;
That God's blessing may be o'er us,
And no sadness will deplore us,
Make the life that is before us
An example that's worth while.

OUR COUNTRY, FLAG, AND HOME

WHAT is it that makes a soldier brave
To face the cannon ball?
And not fear the yawning grave
When he hears the bugle call.
Endure the hardships on the land,
Or breast the wild sea's foam,
And at his post to boldly stand—
'Tis his Country, Flag, and Home.

Flag of the brave, unfurled on high,
Folds in the breezes swell,
Bring rapture to the loyal eye,
Our glorious freedom tell.
No matter where we chance to be
Where'er our feet may roam,
In foreign lands, or boundless sea,
Thoughts fly to our native home.

Our Country, it still inspires
The true and faithful heart,
In memory of our noble sires
That words can ne'er impart.
Their patriotic blood was shed
On land and on the sea,
We honor each devoted head
For our country of the free.

Our Home, it is the dearest word—
 To the ear is ever sweet,
Where tones of loving ones are heard
 That make our joy complete.
And Home, it is most sacred spot
 There is 'neath heaven's dome,
There's scenes that never are forgot
 That cluster 'round our home.

Oft 'tis a mother's head that's gray,
 Waits her soldier boy to see;
Oft 'tis the children that did play
 Around their father's knee.
Oft 'tis a sweetheart or a wife
 Nerves him on briny foam,
He's fighting to protect their life
 And his Country, Flag, and Home.

These are what make a soldier brave
 To plunge with all his might,
Where'er he'll see the colors wave
 Into the thickest fight.
And face the screaming cannon ball,
 Nor dread the deadly bomb,
When e'er he'll hear the bugle call—
 'Tis his Country, Flag, and Home.

"MARY'S LAMB"

MARY had a little lamb, that's true—
Her Pa gave her to keep,
Which quickly grew before she knew
To be a bouncing sheep.
And it loved Mary very dear—
Close by her side would stay,
As if to say "don't have a fear,
I'll keep all foes away."

But soon Mary's loving pet
Had to go and join the flock;
Nip grass that by dew was wet,
Around with the other stock.
But when Mary'd come in sight,
It would hasten to her side,
Stamp its feet and show fight
When danger would betide.

Now Mary had a city beau,
Who oft would come around,
Try to put on airs to show
That he was reared in town.
Mary's mother thought that he
Was the proper "shad,"
But Mary's father, as we'll see
Wasn't stuck on him so bad.

Mary and her beau they took
A quiet little walk
To a shady, babbling brook,
Search for flowers, and talk.
Mary's father saw them there,
So he turned in that sheep;
Thought it only would be fair
To his daughter's safety keep.

And now this same city chap,
Who put on lofty air,
Placed the flowers in Mary's lap
To weave the garlands there.
As he stooped polite and kind,
That sheep a header took
Him rather by surprise behind—
Sent him headlong in the brook.

MORAL

When we put on airs so grand,
Before we do begin
We'd best get lay o' the land
That there'll be no butting in.

"THAT MAN JIM"

(Written on the 10th of October after the celebration of James Whitcomb Riley's birthday, the 7th of October, 1915, for which Mr. Riley presented the Author with a very beautiful Souvenir.)

I'VE hearn about that Riley man,
But never seed him yit;
I watch every chance I can
To read what he has writ.
An' I got to thinkin' uv him,
Like a feller sometimes will,
Wonderin' what we'd done without him
'F he'd died, er had kept still.

Fur he's our favorit' poet,
An' he lives in every breast,
Kos our actions plainly show it
Thet his verses suit us best.
Somehow they hev the jingle
Thet kin never be furgot,
An' bring back the youthful tingle,
Fur they touch in every spot.

I haint got no book learnin',
As you will plainly see,
But I hev a kind o' yearnin'
Fur what appeals to me.
Shakespere's writin's air too deep,
I kaint git next to him,
Thet's why I kind o' like to keep
In line with "Thet Man Jim."

Fur I understand the puttin'
 Uv the fodder in the shock;
 An' I know about the struttin'
 Uv the gob'lin' turkey cock.
 An' a fishin' 'long the crick,
 Whar the saplin's grow so slim,
 An' the pizen-vines so thick—
 As described by "Thet Man Jim."

I like the way he writes his rimes,
 Fur he seems to hev no fear
 An' says little words sometimes
 Thet is cussin', purty near.
 But thar's no one takes offence,
 Fur he writes with such a vim
 An' uses sich good common sense—
 All look over "Thet Man Jim."

'F a million books to read,
 Wus piled 'long in a row,
 An' to select the one we'd need,
 'Twould be one, don't you know,
 Thet we thought would suit the best
 An' would answer every whim;
 We'd pick one frum all the rest
 Thet was writ by "Thet Man Jim."

Fur it fills our hearts with gladness
 When we read his "Songs o' Cheer,"
 An' it drives away our sadness
 When the days air dark an' drear.

'Till with joy we're over-flowin',
 An' we splash out o'er the brim,
 An' the first thing we air knowin',
 Why, we're praisin' "Thet Man Jim."

They hed a celebration thar,
 Uv his birth the other day;
 'Twas wusser'n a big county fair,
 An' people cum from every way.
 I didn't know whet else to do,
 As I wuzen't in thet swim,
 But jist to drap a line er two,
 Kind 'o s'plain to "Thet Man Jim."

WHERE THE WABASH FLOWS

I WAS born in Indiana,
 It is my native land;
 They can take the prairies
 With the shifting sand.
 The blizzards that are howling,
 And the wind forever blows,
 But give me old Indiana,
 Where the Wabash flows.

I love old Indiana,
 That name is dear to me;
 Wherever I may wander
 There is no place I see

That is half so interesting
As every Hoosier knows,
Like dear old Indiana,
Where the Wabash flows.

Sun shines on Indiana,
From the skies so fair,
To a Hoosier there's no country
That ever can compare
With the luster it is showing,
As the radiant beams it throws
O'er our loved Indiana,
Where the Wabash flows.

Springtime in Indiana
Makes our pulses thrill ;
To hear the birds a-singing
So glad they can't keep still.
Lovely flowers blooming,
Nature so kindly throws
In the lap of Indiana,
Where the Wabash flows.

Summertime, in Indiana,
Is all we could desire ;
When the golden sun is climbing
Up high, and then still higher ;
The thrushes they are singing
So loud it plainly shows
They are praising Indiana,
Where the Wabash flows.

Autumn in old Indiana,
Is the golden time o' year;
To the heart of every Hoosier
Is held to them most dear.
The crimson leaves a-shining
In the rays the sunset throws
O'er fruitful Indiana,
Where the Wabash flows.

O, to be in Indiana,
When winter comes around;
Breathe the air so app'tizing
When snow is on the ground.
Eating pork-chops, pies and sausage—
What else my goodness knows,
In bounteous Indiana,
Where the Wabash flows.

“IF”

IF, WHEN I seek my couch at night,
When daylight doth depart;
Have I brought a ray of light
To some sad and lonely heart?
Have I been patient through the day?
Lips free from speaking guile?
With kind words chased tears away
And brought a sunny smile?

Have I made bright the faded cheek,
Where tear-drops left the stain?
If I have, my life, though meek,
This day's not been in vain.

If, from my scant and meager store,
I've given in a worthy cause,
Or driven hunger from the door
Where the grim monster gnaws;
If I have aided the oppressed,
The wicked hath cast down,
Or brought contentment to a breast,
Nor given one a frown;
If I have held the cooling draught
Of water in Christ's name
To parched lips in anguish wrought,
This day's not been in vain.

If, when some one kneels to pray,
And should speak my name to Him,
Some one I've cheered along the way
When eyes with tears were dim.
Were struggling with some gloomy care
'Long life's uneven road,
And I have helped their burden bear,
Made light for them the load;
If, when I come down to die,
My bones bleach on some plain,
Or in some potter's field they lie,
This life's not been in vain.

THE UNMARKED SOLDIER'S GRAVE

DOWN in the sunny, southern land,
Where the mock-bird sings his lay ;
And shells are moaning on the strand
 Along the quiet bay.
In a lonely, wild, secluded spot
 Where's heard the lisping wave,
There is neglected and forgot
 An unmarked soldier's grave.

No lovely flowers are planted there,
 That in their season bloom,
To shed their fragrance on the air
 Around that lonely tomb.
No comrade with a tender heart
 Sets an emblem there to wave,
No tears from woman's eye-lid start
 O'er that unmarked soldier's grave.

A young man in the prime of life,
 Who heard his country's call ;
He boldly entered in the strife,
 And faced the cannon ball.
For in his noble, manly breast,
 Throbbed a loyal heart and brave ;
He knew not that he soon would rest
 In an unmarked soldier's grave.

He bade farewell to native land,
To the front he boldly trips;
A mother clung to his parting hand
And a sweetheart kissed his lips;
She sad and weary vigil keeps
For her lover true and brave;
She doesn't know he lonely sleeps
In an unmarked soldier's grave.

The mother waits 'til her locks are white,
With an honest, zealous yearn,
A prayer ascends at morn and night
For her darling boy's return.
With motherly instinct that instils
In a woman's heart so brave;
All unaware that her boy fills
An unmarked soldier's grave.

Time's gently gone circling away,
Year after year has sped,
That sweetheart now is old and gray,
And that fond mother's dead.
The hand she pressed was ever missed
Of him, who died to freedom save,
And the lips the sweetheart kissed
Lie in an unmarked grave.

Our country's blossomed as the rose,
And has world-wide renown,
And when there arise freedom's foes
We'll quickly put them down.

And while the memory holds so dear
Those, their life so freely gave,
Oh! let us kindly drop a tear
For the unmarked soldier's grave.

GROWING OLD

I OFTEN times wish that I could see
The woodland paths that used to be,
When nature's mysteries I scanned
Bare feet, brier-scratched and tanned;
And wandered up and down the creek
Where iron weeds grew tall and thick.
And saw the little sunfish shine—
And swung upon the wild grape vine.

I oftentimes wish that I could go
Where the cat-tail lillies grow,
And see snake-feeder on one sit
And act like he was part of it;
See snipes and the kildees wade
Where 'twas deep, and not afraid;
On farther still before they'd fly,
Like they'd rolled their breeches high.

I wish I could see the little boys,
With whom I shared the old-time joys
When summer days were sizzling hot,
Chores were done, and there was not

A single care upon our soul ;
We'd hike to the swimming hole ;
Swim about, or in sunshine stand,
And lay and wallow in the sand.

I oftentimes wish that I could go
To orchard trees I used to know,
And eat Red June, and the Sweet Bow—
We scarce can find their equal now—
Prince Harvest, and the Sugar Pear
That ripened in the orchard there ;
Cherries too, and plums so sweet
That seemed to grow for boys to eat.

Wish I could go along the lane
Back to my childhood home again,
Smell the roses sweet perfume,
And see the honeysuckle bloom ;
The larkspur, and the marigold,
Like mother raised in days of old ;
And see her standing in the door
To greet her little boy once more.

I wish I had my hands stained brown,
Like when I shook the walnuts down
And hulled them underneath the tree,
Then took them home in highest glee ;
Feasted on the wild black-haw—
And the luscious, ripe pawpaw ;
But now I sit and dream all day
Of childhood's joy that's passed away.

CHRONIC LOAFERS

I'VE seen men work at different trades,
That's honest, seems to me;
And some work at some ornery stuff
Not what it ought to be.
I've seen them sit and fish, and fish,
Day in and out by jing,
Wear the seat of their trowsers out
Not catch a dad-burned thing.
I've seen them play marbles right along
Week at a time or more,
But the trifflingest habit men get in
Is to loaf at a village store.

I've seen men just raise merry cain,
Rip, snort, and prance;
Tell what things they would do
If they just had a chance;
Outline a course for other men
But all they would do
Would be go down in their over-alls
And get another chew;
Try to look wise and wave their hands
Stamp 'round on the floor,
Then settle down on an old goods box
At the village store.

I've seen women folks come to trade,
Out of the snow and storm,

Loafers huddled 'round the stove—
No chance for them to warm;
Store-keeper would not say a word
Or some might take offense,
Some of the loafers claim to be
Men of great prominence.
But men who're out trapping skunks
Are not such a bore,
As men who spend their leisure time—
At the village store.

I believe that those time-killers
Will rue it by and by,
When before the Judgment bar
Up yonder in the sky;
If they don't need their leisure time,
Or they are men of means,
They could improve the golden hours
And do more good, it seems,
Than loaf around and chew their cuds,
And talk politics galore;
Set a bad example for young boys
At the village store.

I believe I'd gamble on the fact
That them old loafers think,
When they come before the pearly gate
They can give St. Pete the wink,
And he will let them amble through
To regions bright and fair,
Monopolize the front row seats
In the eternal concert there.

But good St. Pete will call a halt
That will make them sore,
And say "go below, you've had your day
At the village store."

IT'S BEST THAT WE DON'T KNOW

IT'S best that we don't know,
What the future has in store,
As through this vale we go
Toward that unknown shore.
If we could lift the veil
See our fate of weal or woe,
Our human hearts would fail
'Tis best that we don't know.

It's best that we don't know
Amidst this world's alarms,
Our eyes would overflow
And life would lose its charms.
When the days are dark and drear
And the shadows come and go,
And sorrow's hovering near
Then 'tis best that we don't know.

It's best that we don't know
When those we love so well,
Will be called from earth to go
No more with us to dwell.

Our affections then might cease
Of love's warm congenial flow,
And vice it would increase
Then 'tis best that we don't know.

It's best that we don't know
When the Saviour'll call us home,
Where the crystal waters flow
And where sorrow ne'er will come.
Then as the days go flitting past
Through the heat or snow,
Let's live like each day was last
For 'tis best that we don't know.

THE VETERAN

HE IS a veteran, and wore the blue
With loyal heart, faithful and true,
And heard the crash of shot and shell
On battle fields where brave men fell ;
He followed the flag in thickest fight
And fought bravely for the right ;
Won laurels for his brow so true,
This old veteran who wore the blue.

He is a veteran, who wore the blue
Until the cruel war was through,
He heard the screech of minnie ball,
And saw his noble comrades fall

On many a hard-won battle plain,
Deeply dyed with crimson stain;
For freedom enjoyed by me and you,
This old veteran who wore the blue.

He is a veteran, and wore the blue,
His days on earth with us are few,
His hair is gray, his eyes are dim
And "taps" soon will sound for him.
But when from this world he's gone
In history he'll live on and on;
When angels call him from our view—
This old veteran who wore the blue.

THE HOOSIER PIONEERS

INDIANA, sweetest name
The native Hoosier speaks,
Most sacred spot from coast of Maine
To Rocky Mountain peaks.
And the sunbrowned pioneers
Forever will they be
Deserving of love that endears
Them to our memory.
Although they long since passed away
Beyond life's hopes and fears,
The record here will ever stay
Of the Hoosier pioneers.

They saw the star of freedom shine
 So brightly in the skies,
Our treasured emblem that's divine
 Before their vision rise.
And with the courage that it brought
 On each devoted head,
With fiercest foes they bravely fought,
 Their loyal blood was shed.
Their watchful eyes were ever turned
 Toward the bold frontiers,
With upright zeal they ever yearned—
 Those Hoosier pioneers.

Oh, sun that gilds our native land
 From shore to wave-washed shore,
From Atlantic coast to Pacific strand,
 From Gulf to Niagara's roar.
The spot dearest the Hoosier's heart
 Wherever he may roam,
Which words no power can e'er impart
 Is his Indiana home.
And as we praise our native land
 That's to us most dear
In honor we'll united stand
 For the Hoosier pioneer.

THE SONG I LOVED

(But the Lord is my defense; and my God is the rock
of refuge. Psalm 94th 22d.)

LONG years ago when I was young,
Many were the songs my mother sung ;
In many a strain I dearly love
About the home in realms above
That is free from earthly care
And sorrow never enters there ;
One song was dearer than the rest
And seemed to soothe my little breast,
As she rocked me on her knee.
'Twas sung in such a plaintive tone
About the blood that doth atone ;
That wondrous rock
No grief doth mock
That was cleft for me.

Perhaps what made that song so sweet
And seemed to fill my soul complete,
Was the charming chord and tender tone
Like all my childish grief had flown ;
My fancy then made it more grand
Like I was in some fairy land,
No more to draw this fleeting breath
Nor ever close my eyes in death,
Like beyond the crystal sea.

I loved to heed that happy strain
Which ended with the sweet refrain,
 Of the wondrous rock
 No grief doth mock
That was cleft for me.

Often I dream of that old time
And of that dear enchanting rhyme;
Whenever now that strain I hear
All earthly sorrows disappear,
And it seems to carry me away
Back to my happy childhood day,
To that best friend I ever knew
That was so faithful, kind and true.
 That bade all sorrow flee.
My little wandering footsteps tried
In that narrow path to safely guide,
 To that wondrous rock
 No grief doth mock
That was cleft for me.

I've heard many a bewitching song
As in this world I've passed along,
And oft I've closed my weary eyes,
Dreamed of that home beyond the skies;
And many earthly friends I knew
Have proved unfaithful and untrue.
Pangs of sorrow my heart has felt
As by a lonely grave I've knelt
 Of one loyal as could be.
But that sweet song to me is dear,

And always soothed my childish fear;
That wondrous rock
No grief doth mock
That was cleft for me.

NO FAULT TO FIND

THE friend we like is one who'll say
Kind words when we're feeling blue,
And tries to drive the gloom away
Which we are passing through.
When some misfortune's made us sad
We're in a depressed state of mind,
Tries to make our heart beat glad
And has no fault to find.

He says look up and not look down
For the skies are bright and fair,
Above the angry clouds that frown
The sun's still shining there.
The clouds soon will drift away
If we'll laugh and never mind,
Then some cheerful words he'll say
And has no fault to find.

He takes our hand with sunny smile
As he says, "hold up your head,
And let us make this life worth while,
For a man's a long time dead."

The noblest work that we can do
Is to be merry, and not unkind,
As this world we're passing through
And have no fault to find.

The friend we like when sick in bed,
He'll come and stay awhile,
Not act glum, but sunny instead,
Make us better with his smile.
Has some lively news to tell
And none of the gloomy kind,
Makes us feel like we're most well,
For he has no fault to find.

The friend we like will stand by
When sorrow's left its sting,
And in consoling ways he'll try
To us some comfort bring.
As he whispers gentle words of love
So tender and so kind,
And bids us trust in God above,
And has no fault to find.

The friend we like, before we're dead,
Will scatter flowers each day,
There's no fragrance o'er the casket shed
For those who've passed away.
And to the weary who're cast down
He is neither deaf nor blind,
But winning bright stars for his crown,
And has no fault to find.

THANKFULNESS

FOR the forest springtime beauty,
When nature's voice is heard,
Calling all things forth to duty—
 For merry song of woodland bird.
For the dormant buds now swelling
 As branches in the breezes nod,
Seed-time and harvest they are telling
 For which we thank Thee, O, our God.

For the lisping leaves of summer
 When the evening zephyrs play,
For the sunset's golden splendor
 At the closing of the day ;
For the rosebud bursting open,
 Like the prophet's budding rod,
When the warning words were spoken,
 For which we thank Thee, O, our God.

For the crimson leaves that's falling
 Which the gentle breezes stirred,
For the sunny skies that's calling
 To the happy woodland bird ;
For the ripened fruit that's dropping
 From boughs o'er head to turf' sod,
For Thy mercies that's never stopping
 For which we thank Thee, O, our God.

For the gold-fringed clouds of morning
In the gorgeous eastern sky,
Which the bright sun is adorning
As it takes its course on high;
For the beauty of the heavens
Where the angels' feet have trod,
For mankind their foot prints leaving
For which we thank Thee, O, our God.

SILVER ON THE WILLOW

SILVER on the willow trees,
Along the shady run,
As the balmy Southern breeze
Turn leaves to the sun.
Waving through the branches bright
With their tints so green,
Glittering in the warm sunlight
Like a silver sheen.

Silver on the willow trees,
As they bend to and fro,
While through their glossy leaves
The gentle zephyrs flow.
Where the setting sun doth shine
And sky of matchless blue,
Bring back roving thoughts of mine
Dear childhood days to you.

Silver on the willow trees,
I've watched you before,
Feel on my cheek refreshing breeze
As in happy days of yore.
Could I throw time out of gear
And turn it back there when
I wandered with the one so dear
In your leafy shade again.

Silver on the willow trees,
Whose limbs are bending low
O'er the stream in the breeze
Where rippling waters flow.
I think of one who by my side
We used to sit and dream,
And watch below the finny tribe
In current of the stream.

Silver on the willow tree,
I'm watching you to-day
Just as I did when boy so free
Before my hair was gray;
When all life's hopes were fair,
My heart was all a-tune,
I'd meet my little playmate there
In the leafy month of June.

Silver on the willow trees,
I love you, yes I do,
Turning up your verdant leaves
To sunlight so true.

You're first in balmy spring
 To don your robe of green;
 Last when winter's blast doth fling.
 His icy breath so keen.

Silver on the willow trees,
 I love to watch you gleam,
 See reflection of your leaves
 In the pure, crystal stream.
 When I'm called to realms above
 Place me where I can see
 The silver tint I dearly love
 Upon the willow tree.

Silver on the willow tree,
 My affections are as true
 As the little busy bee
 Loves dripping honey dew.
 When I pass to the beyond,
 To that land I hope to see,
 May I find harps a-hanging on
 The lovely willow tree.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

O, SING praises this dear morn,
 When that blessed Prince was born,
 And shepherds with their flocks afar
 Were guided by that radiant star,
 That o'er Bethlehem brightly beamed
 By which this sinful world's redeemed.

O, what rapture did they know
Bending o'er that manger low,
As their gifts to Him they bring
Who is born their Lord and King.
With His words of truth and right
And His marv'lous, wondrous light.

The star which then so brightly shone
Did not shine for them alone;
But still is shining now for all
Who upon His name will call;
And it beckons day by day
All whose feet have gone stray.

O, now let glad anthems ring
As to Him our praise we sing,
For 'twas through that crimson flood
Of our Saviour's precious blood,
When He perished on the tree—
Gave His life and set us free.

Ring, O, ring, you Christmas bells,
Echo valleys, hills and dells;
For this glorious Christmas morn
The Saviour of mankind was born;
Our souls from sin have found release
Through that blessed Prince of Peace.

FAVORITE VERSES

OFTIMES we are sad and lonely,
When the days are dark and drear,
Our restless hearts throb wildly
Like a timid one in fear.
'Tis a dark and gloomy sadness
That is not a-kin to pain,
And it resembles sorrow
In a way we can't explain.

And the dark and gloomy sadness
And the trials of this life
Almost make us shrink and shudder
From the conflicts in the strife.
Like a poor and harmless creature
By the wicked is oppressed,
Seeks to flee away from danger
And to hide itself and rest.

Or like one who's proved a traitor
To a friend that's tried and true,
Like the fickle drop that glistens
Ere the sun has dried the dew.
And they shrink away in terror
When the injured one comes nigh,
And their guilty conscience falters
When they dare to meet their eye.

'Tis when we are sad and lonely
That we seek some sheltered nook,
Turn our thoughts toward heaven
And peruse God's holy book.
As we turn the sacred pages,
And we con them o'er and o'er
'Til we find the favorite verses
That have cheered our hearts before.

As we read them how they help us
With their words of truth and love,
Seeming like a sacred halo
Gather 'round us from above,
Falling on our troubled senses
Like a calm and healing prayer,
Or like footsteps of sweet angels
Treading softly through the air.

As we read those favorite verses
All the dark cares of the day
Spread their wings like birds in autumn
And as swiftly fly away.
For those verses are a blessing
From our Father in heaven above,
Filling all hearts with gladness,
And with joy, and peace, and love.

THE CALL

NOT only here, but everywhere
In all our own free land,
To one and all, there comes the call
To by our colors stand.
And bravely show, to every foe
That our honor does not lag,
Where'er we be, on land or sea,
We'll rally to our flag.

Red, white, and blue, our flag so true
That flutters on the breeze,
In sunlight gleam—our fathers dream—
As they sailed across the seas.
For freedom fought, with blood was bought,
Of which we proudly brag,
We will not now, to foe e'er bow
As we rally to our flag.

We solid stand, now hand in hand
To break our brothers' chains,
Make better place for human race
In all earth's wide domains.
The call it comes, from suffering ones
And our valor does not lag,
We'll bravely fight, defend the right
And rally to our flag.

O'er humble home and castle dome
Our starry banner flies,
For its sake, though tempests break
And foes in legions rise.
Our blood we'll pour, from shore to shore
Our fealty never drag,
But united stand, all o'er the land
And rally to our flag.

SAY GOOD-BYE

SAY to wife, "Good-bye, my dearie,"
When you start off to work;
'Twill make her feel more cheery,
If you'll not that duty shirk.
'Twill make the road seem brighter,
As she travels, long the way;
'Twill make the burdens lighter,
That she must bear each day.

Her dress may be more simple,
And silver in her hair;
Her cheek has lost its dimple
A wrinkle now is there.
Crow-feet on her brow are showing,
The luster's left her eye;
But 'twill set her cheek a-glowing
If you'll say, "My dear, good-bye."

She may not smile as sweetly
As she did years ago;
And she may not look as neatly
As when you courted her, you know.
But her heart is just as tender
As when you started out in life —
When you a youth so slender
Took her for your wife.

She's stood by you through trials
And always did her part;
She has met with self denials
That made the tear-drops start.
So then before you're parting,
Just look her in the eye,
And kiss her when you're starting,
And say, "Dear wife, good-bye."

THE OLD THANKSGIVING TIME

O MOTHER dear, could I go once more
Back to the old familiar door,
To the little home in leafy dell,
The little home you loved so well —
And see all as they once were there,
Before there was an empty chair;
Before you'd gone to that happy clime,
Back to the old Thanksgiving time.

O, mother dear, could you understand
The boy you once led by the hand,
Or gently rocked him on your knee,
As you sang your sweetest lullaby?
On his cheek your lips were pressed
As he leaned on your loving breast,
And smoothed back his flaxen hair,
Breathed for him your earnest prayer.

O, mother dear, in your narrow tomb,
When flowers shed their fragrant bloom,
And leaves have fallen from the trees,
And branches sigh in the autumn breeze—
And friends prove false I thought were true,
My aching heart then calls for you.
I look back to that happy day
When you kissed my tears away.

O, mother dear, your boy's now grown,
And happy childhood's days have flown,
My hair is streaked with silver, now,
And lines of care upon my brow;
Could I see you at close of day,
When my playthings were put away,
Beside me kneel as my prayers I said,
Then tuck me in my little bed.

O, happiest days that I recall,
No matter where my footsteps fall,
Or where upon this earth I roam
I'll not forget that little home.

Where we'd come with joyful tread
Around the sumptuous table spread,
With thoughts inspiring and sublime
Upon the old Thanksgiving time.

THE ENCHANTING ROAD

THE road we like it leads along
Through fields so bright and fair,
And happy birds with merry song
Are making music there.
Fleecy clouds with ruffled frills
Float o'er the evening skies,
And waving grain in vale and hills
Before our vision rise.

It leads beside the rippling stream
Where golden sunbeams stray,
And on its sparkling bosom gleam
Where gentle zephyrs play.
Lovely flowers in fragrance bloom
Beneath the leafy trees,
Borne on the balmy air's the hum
Of honey-laden bees.

We loiter 'mid the scenes so fair
As road so gently turns,
And see a lovely cottage there
Half hid among the ferns.

Hear children's merry voices ring
Upon the fragrant breeze,
As they sway in a rustic swing
Beneath the maple trees.

Charming scenes like healing balm,
That drives away our care,
Our troubled senses seem to calm
Like a sweet evening prayer.
With the sunbeams slanting down
On aster and goldenrod,
Dispel sorrow's cruel frown
And lead our thoughts to God.

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN

WHEN a man's a man, what'er befall,
And bright or drear his earthly skies,
When fierce tempests 'round him rise
Dark and dense as a stone wall;
Will not shirk when he hears duty call,
He musters courage, and bravely tries
To make good when stern fate defies
And come out conqueror over all.
He does not hang his head and sigh,
Nor from life's battles shrink and flee,
But meets each one heroic, as he'll try
To face defeat with a song of glee;
Put all his trust in a power on high,
He's then what God wants him to be.

MY CONSCIENCE

I EXPECT I'm like most other chaps,
But more mischievous, some, perhaps,
Than all who work steady every day
And earn their living that-a-way.
Of evenings when my work is through
I do like several others do,
Light my pipe with a pleasing smile,
And sit down and smoke awhile.

I study some with one eye shut,
Watch smoke with the other, but
Soon kindo' sorto' doze away,
Dream of what I've done all day ;
And other days that's past and gone
And of some reckless things I've done.
Then wake and look 'round by my chair
And see my conscience standing there.

When I see him standing there
I tell you it curls my hair,
For by his looks I know that he
Most surely has it in for me.
I'd seen him look that way before,
And I didn't want to any more.
He smiled and said, "How do you do,
Don't you know me? Why, I know you."

I straighten up, pull down my chin
With a kindo' sorto' sickly grin;
Quite well aware what he's about
For I saw he's mad as all get out;
So I do my very best to smile
And try to talk to him awhile;
Seek to cool him down a bit
For fear I'd get the worst of it.

“O, yes,” says I, “Sure I know you,
And I’m always glad to see you, too;
I like you with me day and night
For you always tell me what is right;
But then you see I don’t always do
Exactly like you tell me to;
And when I don’t I wish I had
For ‘tis sure to turn out bad.”

“Ah yes,” says he, “I’ve heard you talk
And how straight you were going to walk,
If I would let you try; but then
In a day or two you’re back again
At your old tricks, same as before;
I’ll have my patience tried no more,
You know how to do but then you wont,
Or else, somehow, I see you don’t.”

Things got to looking mighty blue
And I didn’t know just what to do;
For it was plain, so I could see,
He would make it warm for me;

I talked on as I had before
To try and smooth things once more,
In a gentle, quiet way, and kind,
To see if he would change his mind.

Says I, "You're surely good to me
And just as patient as can be;
But then you see it's this-a-way
I want to lay up for a rainy day;
You know the old saying it is true,
'Fix the other fellow, or he'll fix you,'
And I don't want to get the worst —
So I try to fix the other first."

My conscience then 'round me did pace
And looked me squarely in the face,
And says, "Now I'll have none of that"—
Spit on his hands, threw off his hat,
Gave me a look that made me twist,
Jerked off his coat, and popped his fist,
Says he, "Look here, I tell you what
I'm going to thrash you like I ought."

He picked me up and slammed me down
And then he kicked me all around;
Stopped and got his breath and then
Kicked me 'round awhile again,
And said as he then looked at me;
"Now be good like you ought to be.
For this is nothing to what I'll do
The next time I get after you."

My conscience then sat down by me,
Said, "I'll explain so you can see
It pays to do right; you know you can
Be as good as any other man;
I don't like to reprove you every day
And have to chastise you this-a-way.
For if you always will be good
Then I will guide you as I should."

"There's no reason I see for you
To act like other people do,
Nor to make an excuse or pretense;
You don't know what they're up against;
Devote half your time to what's your own
And the other half let others alone.
And you will find now I tell you
That you'll have all that you can do."

And then as he patted me on the head
Says, "Be good and mind what I've said;
You'll feel free to look all in the eye,
And you'll not be afraid to die.
When with things on earth you're done
No one will wonder where you're gone.
But by your works all will know
That you've gone where good people go."

TO "BOB" WILLIAMS

BOB" WILLIAMS, we'll not make a fuss
Because you're not here with us;
For we don't know, perhaps, 'tis best
That you are living in the west,
With loving wife and children three
So happy there around your knee;
But this we know, and can truly say,
You make folks better where you stay.

You know, Friend "Bob", the saying's true
We find it now applies to you,
That when from friends we have to part
'Tis absence makes the tender heart;
And distance then lends its charm
To keep the affections ever warm.
We truly pray that God will bless
You, and yours with happiness.

"Bob" Williams, in your home out west,
You must like it there the best
Or else, by gum, don't think you'd stay
From us so far off that-a-way;
But then we'd like to have you back
Here in the east, with us, by jack,
Because you see it's just like this;
Your genial smile all of us miss.

“Bob” Williams, let me tell you what,
We kind o’ feel as if you’d got
To square yourself around, and tell
What’s ‘bout you, makes a feller swell
Out like a cat’s tail when it’s scared
And in some midnight racket shared;
For we’d love to take you by the hand
And by your side forever stand.

IN THE GLAD SPRING-TIME

O H! PLAYMATES of our childhood’s day,
That’s passed and gone so far away,
When we tripped the meadows through,
With bare feet bathed in morning dew,
And plucked the violets fresh and blue,
In the glad spring-time.

Oh! the happy hours we’ve spent,
In childhood’s joys so innocent,
As our feet paused at the brook,
And in its rippling waters look,
As there we’d fish with line and hook
In the glad spring-time.

Oh! happiest days that childhood knew,
When sunny skies were deepest blue,
Along some laughing stream to stray,
And on its grassy banks to lay
And pass the happy hours away
In the glad spring-time.

See tilting snipes, and the kildeers,
Wade 'long the banks and have no fears;
Or watch the buzzard circle low
And flap his wings so lazy and slow
As if he wanted us to know
It was the glad spring-time.

See red-winged blackbirds flitting by,
And hear the catbird's plaintive cry,
And see the dogwood's mellow bloom,
And red-bud like showy plume,
And smell the locust's sweet perfume,
In the glad spring-time.

And hear the hum of the busy bees,
Among the fragrant orchard trees;
See red-heads 'round the old elm snag,
And hear the little sap-sucks brag
As if their spirits ne'er would lag
In the glad spring-time.

And in the sun we'd love to sit
On high bank at the gravel pit,
'Way up on top where it was steep,
Cave edges off and see it creep,
In the loose gravel run and leap
In the glad spring-time.

And hear the cow bells lazy clank,
As cows nipped grass that grew so rank,

And never once they'd stop to gaze,
So eagerly around they'd graze
On the bright, sunshiny days
In the glad spring-time.

The bumble-bee gets down to biz—
Around with that old sting o' his,
And the wasps, and hornets, too,
Somehow have all that they can do,
And yellow jackets start a-new
In the glad spring-time.

And see the tender hollyhock,
Spring up along the garden walk;
Hear the children laugh and sing,
Around the old familiar swing,
As their happy songs they sing
In the glad spring-time.

The little lambs now skip and play
On grassy hill-side all the day,
The boys play marbles now for keeps,
The house-dog in the door yard sleeps,
The sun each day still higher creeps
In the glad spring-time.

O, then, 'twas nice for boys to go
Up to the old mill-dam, you know,
And see the water as 'twould pour
Among the rocks a-splashing o'er,
And play along the sandy shore
In the glad spring-time.

O, it was grand to stroll away
Upon a bright, and sunny day,
And gather little flowers that grew
In meadow fields and woodland too,
All freshly kissed by morning dew,
In the glad spring-time.

O, wasn't it fine for boys to romp,
Through bottom-lands and sedgy swamp,
Along the creek and old bayou,
Where the cat-tail lillies grow
And turtles sun on logs, you know,
In the glad spring-time.

When we the little whistles made,
Along the stream where oft we played,
From willows that grew on the brink,
Where the water lillies drink,
And frogs do croak as eyes they blink,
In the glad spring-time.

The spiders now, they do begin,
And their soft flimsy webs do spin ;
The swallows nesting 'neath the eaves,
The buds are bursting on the trees,
As they shoot forth their tender leaves
In the glad spring-time.

Ofttimes on days when warm and bright,
We then would fly our little kite,

Where the balmy breezes blew,
And we could go bare-footed too,
The happiest days that childhood knew
In the glad spring-time.

The jay-bird, in his suit so gay,
Is busy now at break of day,
And working hard so he can see,
His finished nest in maple tree,
And acts as proud as he can be
In the glad spring-time.

A favorite place when all the sky
Was clouded o'er and wind blew high,
And rain would drizzle all the day,
Was in the barn in the mow of hay,
Turn summer-sets as there we'd play
In the glad spring-time.

And as our sun sinks in the west,
Those childhood memories are the best,
As we look back when girls and boys,
To those old times with happy joys,
When we were free from sin's alloys
In youth's glad spring-time.

FAILURES

LET the failures of old yesterday
Go glimmering in the misty past,
While opportunities are so vast,
And will not around forever stay.
Embrace them ere they flit away
And leave a remorseful shadow cast
Across life's pathway long to last
And darken hope's bright sunny ray.
Then bid farewell to each regret,
Sun still is shining in the skies,
And o'er past failures never fret—
They oft are blessings in disguise.
Look forward with a cheerful smile,
To-day's the only time worth while.

THE KNIGHTSTOWN CORNET BAND

WHEN I was a barefoot "tad" of leisure,
Just a little romping boy,
And this world was full of pleasure,
Free from sin's dark base alloy.
I'd heard ditties folks were singing
That my heart could understand,
But never'd heard real music ringing
Like the Knightstown Cornet Band.

'Twas on day of Decoration,
'Way 'long back in seventy-two;
To honor heroes of our nation
Who died for the Red, White and Blue.
It was to be great demonstration—
Papers stated 'twould be grand,
And to head the big procession
Would be the Knightstown Cornet Band

O! I knew that it would fret me
If I had to stay at home;
Parents said wouldn't do to let me
Go 'till I was older grown.
But upon that fine May morning
I cut 'cross fields of fresh plowed land;
And in their new suits adorning
Saw the Knightstown Cornet Band.

I was scared almost a-crying,
Regretting that I'd run away,
But my fears soon went a-flying
When that Band began to play.
No one tried to interest me
As my freckled face they scanned,
What mostly there impressed me
Was that Knightstown Cornet Band.

When the horns played measures nimble,
Oh, I was so glad I'd come;
Heard the lively clash of cymbal
And the rattle of the drum.

Some were talking of skyrockets,
Could be seen all o'er the land;
I, with hands crammed in my pockets,
Watched that Knightstown Cornet Band

My hat brim was torn and tattered,
Hair was sticking through the crown;
Which was badly stained and battered,
Face was all sunburned and brown.
Other boys there were dressed neater;
My bare feet, briar scratched and tanned,
But I tripped 'long to the meter
Of that Knightstown Cornet Band.

There seemed to hover o'er me
Visions I had never known,
And there opened up before me
Joys this world had never shown.
Oh, how I wished I was a poet,
To write songs they'd understand,
And my gratitude I'd show it
For that Knightstown Cornet Band.

I've heard Stars where they were drawing
Crowds to hear them sing and play,
Heard fiddlers in their contests sawing
Where they'd tune up and rasp away.
Heard troops of negro minstrels trying
To excel in stunts o'er the land,
But no music that was satisfying
Like that Knightstown Cornet Band.

If the members who were playing
 Should e'er read this humble lay,
 They'll forgive the truant straying
 There upon that bright May day.
 Those who've crossed o'er Jordan's billows,
 And now walk the golden strand,
 May they find harps upon the willows
 Like the Knightstown Cornet Band.

I will soon be old and tottering,
 For my head's now bald and gray ;
 Steps will soon be slow and falt'ring
 And from earth I'll pass away.
 Should my sin be all forgiven,
 And I with the angels stand,
 May I hear music up in heaven
 Like that Knightstown Cornet Band.

THAT CORN-DODGER

LONG, long years ago when a tow-headed codger,
 For playing pranks I couldn't be beat,
 I'd swipe from the cupboard a hunk of corn-dodger
 And sit on a stump by smoke-house and eat.
 My faithful pet dog was always around me,
 And of my capers he never would tell ;
 Never failed to bark before any one found me
 As we ate the corn-dodger we both loved so well.
 That old-fashioned dodger, that cracklin' dodger,
 That corn-dodger, that we loved so well.

Mother'd bake dodger in a three-legged skillet,
With hot coals on the lid and fire all about,
Mix in cracklin's with dough as she'd fill it,
(I loved the cracklin's and would pick 'em out.)
My faithful dog he'd watch and nab 'em
When dodger crumbled and cracklin's they fell,
Just wag his tail as he'd eagerly grab 'em,
As we ate corn-dodger that we loved so well.
That old-fashioned dodger, that cracklin' dodger,
That corn-dodger, that we loved so well.

Some boast of pies, their cakes and puddin's,
And roasted turkey, with trimmings around,
And other fine dishes they claim are good ones,
But corn-dodger beats anything I've ever found.
Wherever I roam in this whole wide creation,
Emotions of grief in my bosom doth swell,
When my mind wanders back to that old habitation
And I think of the dodger that I loved so well.
That old-fashioned dodger, that cracklin' dodger,
That corn-dodger, that I loved so well.

NATURE

OH, STRANGE, deep, inspiring earth,
You're the burden of my song,
And to Him who gave you birth
All glory and praise belong.
And the hidden mysteries
That we're finding here below,

On the land and in the seas,
Thou art unraveling as we go.
Deftly doth the cricket sing
Thy sweet beauty to express,
And the brook a-murmuring
Tells about Thy loveliness.
And the snowflakes as they fall
On meadowland, and mountain peaks,
On humble cot, and Church spire tall,
'Tis Thy gentle voice that speaks.
And buds bursting in the spring,
Flowers blooming on their stalk,
And birds mating as they sing,
Then it is we hear Thee talk.

And see Thy loveliness that flows
Like a youthful happy dream,
In the violet and the rose
And water lilies by the stream;
Humming-birds and busy bees,
And the crowded city's mart—
Fragrant bloom of orchard trees,
Are the workings of Thy heart.
And the dark and solemn cloud,
And the lightning's vivid flash,
And the thunder pealing loud
With its deep and fearful clash.
And the crystal drops of dew
Sparkling on the blades of grass,
Bursting flowerets peeping through
Nodding to us as we pass.

And the rosy morning's blush,
 When all creation doth rejoice;
 At eventide the mystic hush,
 Through it all is heard Thy voice.

And the little warbling birds,
 Singing in the leafy trees,
 They speak Thy loving words
 In their happy symphonies;
 And the pasture-land so gay
 Flecked with dandelion bloom,
 And locust trees along the way
 With gaudy flowers and sweet perfume
 And the fields of golden grain
 Springing from the fertile soil,
 Nourished by the gentle rain,
 Have responded to man's toil.
 The harnessed water of the stream,
 As to the sea it takes its course;
 And engines palpitating steam
 Are the workings of Thy force.
 Stately ships that plow the deep,
 With products from every land,
 As genius a forward pace doth keep—
 'Tis Thy instinct guides the hand.

In Noah's Ark, the swallow's nest
 Was perfect as it is today,
 Thou hast taught brutes what is best—
 From instinct they never stray;
 They follow same routine on earth,
 As they in pre-historic ages trod;

But man's created at his birth
In the image of his God.
If nature's mysteries we doubt,
Into her depths then try to scan,
Her ways are past finding out
By the inquiring heart of man.
When her course man seeks to know
To accomplish his desire,
The more he delves they always grow
Deeper, broader, and also higher.
When man dies, as die he must,
He should live to reach that goal,
When the body it returns to dust
He'll find rest for his immortal soul.

THE GAPING SKIRT

AS THROUGH this world we pass along
There's many a curious thing,
For habit's power you know is strong
And will queer actions bring,
But what looks droll as it can be
If we watch we're sure to find,
Is the women reaching 'round to see
If her skirt shows a gap behind.

They use eyes, and also hooks
And all such things as that,
Safety pins with turns and crooks,
And don't show where they're at.

Why don't they use some kind o' traps
To ease their state of mind,
And not be in constant fear, perhaps
The skirt shows a gap behind.

They'll fumble all about their hair
As if they'd like to see,
If things are in place up there
Just like they'd ought to be.
And want to look so they'll appeal
To folks of different kind,
As they slyly slip their hand to feel
If skirt shows a gap behind.

A woman looks untidy going 'round
And it must awkward feel,
For underskirt to be hanging down
And tagging around her heel.
But she'll go merrily with her work
And never seem to mind,
But uneasy if she thinks her skirt
Shows a little gap behind.

Now when a woman goes to dress,
One thing depend upon,
She wears such a mixed-up mess
Can't tell when it's on.
Why don't they have a style of gown
Of the Mother Hubbard kind?
Throw on o'er head and let hang down,
And cannot gap behind.

Now 'tis folly trying to repeat
 The various things they wear,
From dainty slippers on their feet
 To ribbons in their hair.
And we will not make sport of them,
 For that would be unkind,
But feel very, very sorry, when
 Skirt shows a gap behind.

DON'T GRUMBLE

SOME we meet are always scolding
 About the trials of the day;
Envy and malice they are holding
 For some one along life's way.
Growl and croak about the weather,
 It's too dry, or else too wet,
Or sometimes too cold altogether—
 When it's warm they're apt to fret.

When we analyze our trouble
 We find it mostly magnified,
And it's sure to pile up double
 When we look on darkest side.
If we'll stop and look around us
 We see others, like as not,
Which the trials that surround us
 Don't compare with cares they've got.

Oft we see one smiling cheerful,
Discouraged ones they'll interest,
We do not dream there may be tearful
Sorrow hiding in their breast.
For an impetus they are giving
To weary ones who are cast down,
And they make this life worth living
For they smile instead of frown.

This world is a world of beauty,
Saddened by sin's blighting curse,
While nature always does its duty
By making glad the universe;
Some don't hear the robin singing
At the breaking of the dawn,
Nor its tuneful notes a-ringing
When the twilight's coming on.

Their minds fixed on filthy lucre,
They're contriving every day
Some poor fellowman to euchi—
Gain their substance that-a-way.
Nature does not interest them—
What God bestows with lavish hand,
What seems mostly to impress them
Is the sinful lusts of man.

When we see the sun a-rising
In the gorgeous eastern sky,
Earth in splendor it's baptizing,
How can any mortal sigh?

How can there be pangs of sorrow,
Or discontent in any breast,
When joy from nature we can borrow
For God made things for the best.

We all should heed the humble Teacher,
Whose wisdom's never yet been told;
And also note the lovely feature
As the fragrant flowers unfold.
For we can make this life worth living
For all things are for the best;
If we'll realize what God is giving
'Twill bring contentment to the breast.

Ofttimes in my little rambles,
On a morning bright and fair;
Along the creek 'mid tangled brambles
And hear the thrushes singing there.
And sun shining warm above me,
Gladdening all things with his smile,
Nature seems to whisper "love me,
For it is mankind that's vile."

WE CAN ALWAYS LEARN

WE OFT see a man we think's a fool,
And some we think are wise,
For with all of us it is the rule
With those we meet to size
Them up; and as we look them o'er
We'll see from age to youth,
In some trifling one we think a bore,
That we're apt to find some truth.

So when we hear a wild blockhead
Blowing off to beat the band,
Don't grit our teeth and wish him dead
But keep sweet, we'll understand
That it oftentimes takes a rattling one,
And they must begin in youth,
And blow right along until life's done,
To work off a bit of truth.

Now if we'll watch some daffy one,
We'll find it proves so true
That we'll learn things we'd not known
In all our whole life through;
They've studied on a certain line
Ever since their days of youth,
And there's points they've got down fine
In which we'll find some truth.

Now take a man whom we think's wise
And watch him close a spell,
We'll find he has faults we despise
That prove to us so well
That he's not what he seems to be;
In fact to tell the truth,
He has weak points we all can see
Worse than some giddy youth.

So let us go a little slow,
Not judge too much by looks,
Experience teaches more, you know,
Than we can learn from books.
Always use each other well,
From crabbed age to youth,
For we don't know, we ne'er can tell —
Where we may find some truth.

So, when we hear some loud blow-gourd,
Just a-blowing off his horn,
Let's not slip away like we're bored,
Or wish he'd ne'er been born,
Or else he'd been deaf and dumb,
Or had died in days of youth,
But take all riff-raff as 'twill come
And sift out the grains of truth.

OLD HENRY'S COUNTY SEAT

I GREW up mostly on old Blue,
And partly 'long on Duck Crick, too,
When I was young I used to be
Fishin' 'round here eternally.
Along these streams I loved to stray,
Loitering happy hours away;
In summer time I'd swim, by jink,
'Till sun'd burn my tough old back;
And when I got up nearly grown
I's purty wild, I'll have to own;
I thought I'd look around and see
What there was in store for me;
If I could find a town 'twould beat
Our old Henry's county seat.

One winter in Hartford City stayed,
Thought it best town 'twas ever made;
And Marion, too, I used to say,
Was the town where I'd like to stay
Right around there all the time—
They seemed so happy and sublime.
And with the boys I've had some fun
In and around old Huntington.
Jist foolin' 'round, me and my chum,
Loafer'n mostly, but did work some;
No difference at what job we tried
Somehow we wasn't satisfied.
Towns were good, but not complete
Like old Henry's county seat.

But lawsy, jist to git to go
Up to the county seat, you know,
And kind o' go in frum the west,
Where the town shows up the best;
'Cause it's the purtiest town on earth,
That has ever yit had birth.
That's why it is, as I suppose,
Called the City of the Rose.
The men are clever, and ladies fair,
Purtier you'll not find anywhere.
Everything there is on the hum,
They're hustlers in that town, by gum;
And all around's so nice and neat
Up at old Henry's county seat.

I've been to Wabash, and Peru,
Rushville, and to Greensburg, too,
Where on the court house there's a tree;
By gosh, that's a sight to see.
Been round in Richmond some,
Quakers there 'til kingdom come;
(I'm a Quaker, but then you bet
That somehow I could never get
To usin' "plain" speech, Thee and Thou;
Guess I'm a black sheep, anyhow.)
Be that as it may, it matters not,
There ain't a town in that whole lot
That can in anyways compete
With our old Henry's county seat.

Settled, when I'd tramped around,
Back near my old stompin' ground;

And I expect now I'll ever stick
Along Blue river, or Duck Crick,
And as long on earth as I exist
Run a mill and grind the grist;
Like a turkey come home to roost,
And my own county help to boost.
When a feller hunts he's apt to find
He's likely left best place behind;
Take towns of this state, you can't beat
Our old Henry's county seat.

A YOUNG MAN'S CAPERS

STROLLING with the softer sex,
On a balmy summer night,
When no gossipers are next—
Just the stars shining bright;
Secrets they will never tell
As in their orbs they move about,
You could behave yourself as well,
But that's something we all doubt.

For a little hand you'll seize,
Quicker'n you can say hiss-cat,
A plump, tapering waist you'll squeeze
While a heart goes pit-a-pat.
You'll vow by heaven that is above
And you'll lie like all git-out
That she is your own true love,
But that's something we all doubt.

Squeezing fingers to the tips,
Saying that no one it harms,
Kissing her sweet, ruby lips
As you press her in your arms.
She is trusting all to you,
Her faith you should never scout,
When you promise you'll be true
You should leave no room to doubt.

If by deceit you win her hand
Her trust you should ne'er betray,
But should bravely by her stand
'Till from earth you pass away.
When temptations 'round you rise
You should put them all to rout,
And should never tell her lies—
But that's something we all doubt.

DO YOUR PART

I'VE run mills that start with a jerk
And a clatter and a clash,
But no mill will ever do good work
That somewhere has back-lash.
For when the power is turned on
The wheels they start so slow,
Some of the power is lost and gone
Before that mill will go.

Couplings that are loose by wear,
And gear wheels out of line,
Some of the power is wasted there
That should be used to grind.
Belts so loose they slip around,
Power lost to take up slack,
With which grain should be ground
Is gone to ne'er come back.

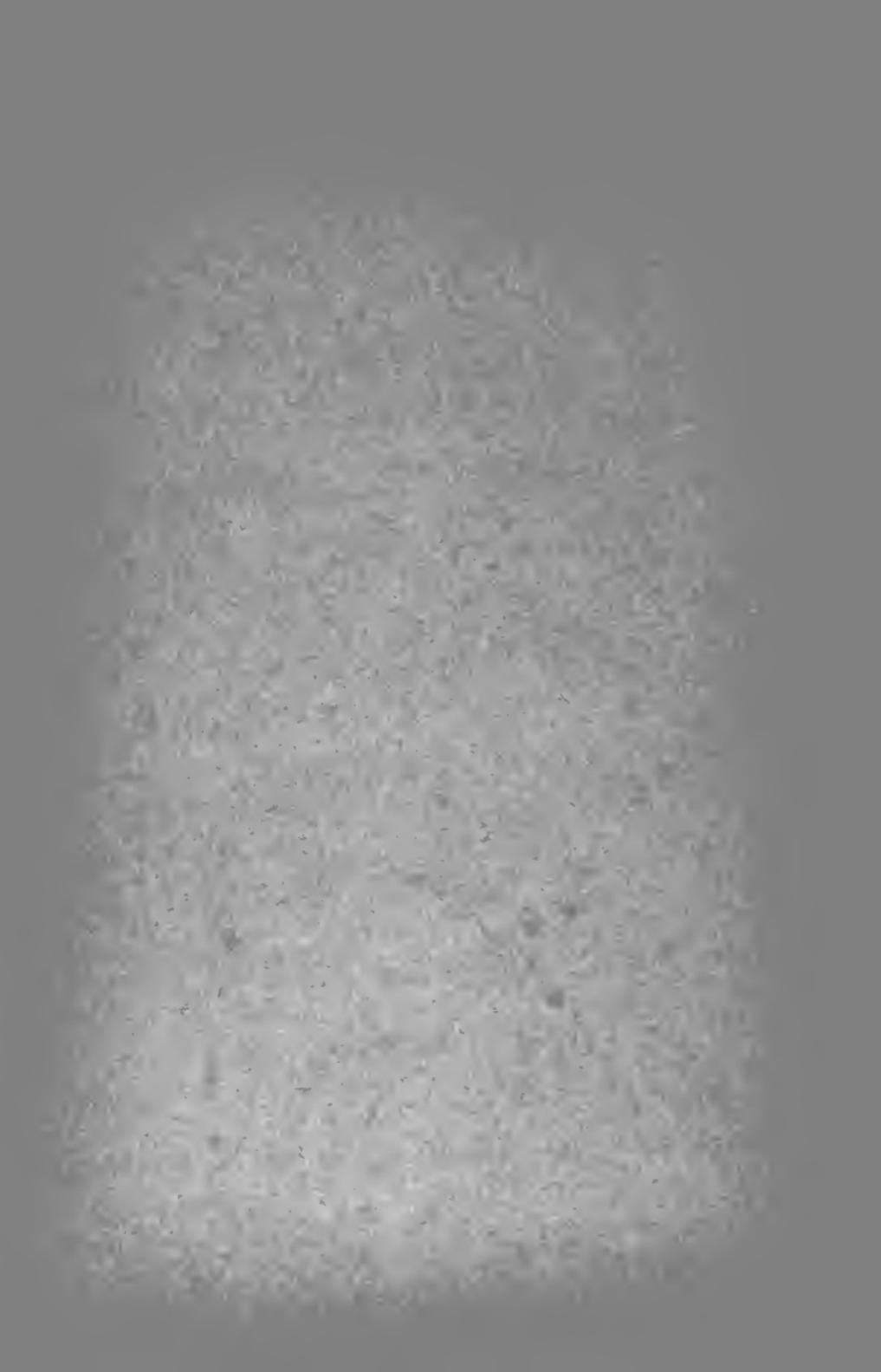
Each part should run smooth and true,
For 'tis plainly to be seen
The work that one part fails to do
Goes to the next machine.
Each should always do its share,
And not allowed to duty shirk,
For while it's wasting power there
The next has double work.

We ofttimes see the same in men,
As with affairs they cope,
Who idle away their time and then
Work off some useless dope,
Planning what they're going to do,
Building castles in the air,
Sitting 'round don't bring plans true,
Or get them anywhere.

Like some machine that wants to run
With a rattle and a jerk;
Just filling space from sun to sun
But keeping clear of work.

Don't try to utilize the power
They're wasting day by day,
But should improve each golden hour
While on this earth they stay.

God bless the man who on life's road
Trips 'long, keeping sweet
And hustling with a double load,
Carrying some dead-beat,
Who's wasting power up life's hill
With a clatter and a clash,
Like some rickety old worn mill
That has so much back-lash.



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